THE MINOR POEMS OF JOHN MILTON.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

John Milton

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EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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TO

JULIUS HAWLEY SEELYE, D.D., LL.D.,

MY "CHUM" IN COLLEGE
AND THE BEST OF FRIENDS EVER SINCE,

THIS BOOK

IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke, the faith and morals hold
That Milton held!

WORDSWORTH.

The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, and which were distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by superior blooms and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify.

MACAULAY.

PREFACE.

THIS book includes all the minor poems of Milton in English except his "translations" of *Psalms* i.–viii. and lxxx.–lxxxviii. and of Horace, *Od.* i. 5. The juvenile "paraphrases" of *Psalms* cxiv. and cxxxvi. are not put by Milton among his "translations." These, with a few other early or incomplete poems which at first I intended to omit, have been added in an Appendix.

A considerable portion of the matter in the Notes was prepared more than twenty years ago. In revising and completing it for the press, I have made free use of Keightley's, Browne's, and Masson's excellent editions, as the frequent references to them will show. Masson's edition (I mean the larger one in three octavo volumes) is indispensable to the critical student. In the notes on *Lycidas* I have drawn some material from Mr. C. S. Jerram's scholarly monograph on that poem (London, 1874).

It seems to me not improper to add that many notes which I do not credit to other editions wherein the same or similar explanations or illustrations may be found, are honestly my own, having been obtained by independent study. Here and there, indeed, that I might avoid even the appearance of injustice to a former editor, I have given him credit for what was really as much mine as his.

CAMBRIDGE, *June* 23, 1887.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE MINOR POEMS OF MILTON.

I. THE LIFE AND WORKS OF MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, near St. Paul's, London, on the 9th of December, 1608, and was baptized on the 20th in the adjacent Allhallows Church. His father, John Milton, was a scrivener,* who had taken up that profession after being disinherited by his father, underranger of the royal forest of Shotover near Oxford, for becoming a Protestant. He was prosperous in business, and acquired "a plentiful estate." He had also a talent for music, and became noted among the composers of the time. The poet owed his skill as an organist to his father's training.

Whether Milton wrote verses at the age of ten, as Aubrey tells us, or not, he early gave promise of becoming a scholar. He says himself: "My father destined me while yet a child to the study of polite literature, which I embraced with such avidity that from the twelfth year of my age I hardly ever re-

* The *scrivener* (Old French *escrivain*) was originally, as the name implies, a mere *scribe*, or legal copyist, but came to do some of the minor work of the attorney, such as drawing up wills, bonds, morfgages, leases, and other legal contracts. He was also in many cases a money-lender, using his own money or that of his clients.

tired to rest from my studies till midnight, which was the first source of injury to my eyes, to the natural weakness of which were added frequent headaches; all of which not retarding my eagerness after knowledge, he took care to have me instructed daily both at school and by other masters at home." His first tutor was Thomas Young, a Puritan clergyman, to whom he became strongly attached. In a Latin poem he says that his master is dearer to him "than was Socrates to Alcibiades, Aristotle to Alexander, or Chiron to Achilles." Young continued to instruct him for some time after he was sent to the neighbouring St. Paul's School, at that time under the charge of Alexander Gill, "an ingeniose person, notwithstanding his humours, particularly his whipping fits." Gill's son Alexander, then an usher in the school, took a great liking to Milton, and the two afterwards became intimate friends. Besides the Greek and Latin, in which latter language he wrote both prose and verse with ease, he seems also to have acquired a knowledge of Hebrew under Young's tutorship. We are informed, moreover, that Humphrey Lowndes the printer, who lived in Bread Street, used to lend him books, chiefly of poetry, and among them the works of Spenser and Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas. The earliest specimens of Milton's own poetry that have come down to us—the versions of *Psalms* cxiv. and cxxxvi. —date from this schoolboy period, having been written when he was fifteen (1624).

On the 12th of February, 1624–25, Milton was admitted as a pensioner at Christ College, Cambridge. The tutor under whom he was placed was the Rev. William Chappell, afterwards Bishop of Cork and Ross. Early in the next year he had some disagreement with Chappell, which compelled Dr. Bainbrigge, the Master of the College, to interfere, and the result was that "Milton withdrew, or was sent, from college in circumstances equivalent to rustication." His absence, however, was not of long duration, for he took the degrees of

Bachelor and of Master of Arts at the regular times. At a later period, in reply to the malicious charge that he had been "vomited out" of the University after spending a riotous life there, he replied: "It hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publicly with all grateful mind the more than ordinary favour and respect which I found, above any of my equals, at the hands of those courteous and learned men, the Fellows of the College wherein I spent some years, who, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many ways how much better it would content them if I would stay, as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection toward me." Again, in reply to a similar charge, he says: "My father sent me to Cambridge; there I devoted myself for a space of seven years to the literature and arts usually taught, free from all reproach, and approved of by all good men, as far as the degree of Master, as it is termed."

It was at Cambridge, in the spring of 1626, that Milton wrote the *Elegy on a Fair Infant*, the child of his sister Anne, who two years before had married Edward Phillips, of the Crown Office in Chancery. In 1628 the *Vacation Exercise* was written; in 1629, the *Hymn on the Nativity*, which was followed by the poems on *The Circumcision*, *Time*, and *The Passion*. The lines on Shakespeare, dated 1630, and prefixed to the second folio edition of the plays (1632), were the first English verses of Milton's that appeared in print. The epitaphs on Hobson and on the Marchioness of Westminster were written in 1631, and the Sonnet "on his being arrived to the age of 23" in December of that year or early in 1632.

In July, 1632, Milton, having taken his degree of M. A., left Cambridge and went to Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where his father, who had retired from business, was now residing. Here he spent five happy years in classical, mathe-

matical, and musical studies; and during this period it is almost certain that he wrote *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the Sonnet to the Nightingale, *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. His mother died on the 6th of April, 1637; and his friend King, whom he laments in *Lycidas*, was drowned on the 11th of August in the same year.

Early in 1638 Milton obtained his father's permission to make a journey to the Continent. Sir Henry Wooton, who had been for some time ambassador at Venice, wrote him a letter of advice and directions for his travels; and Lord Scudamore, Viscount Sligo, ambassador at Paris, to whom he had an introduction, showed him courteous attentions during his brief stay in that city, besides introducing him to Hugo Grotius, who was resident there in the service of Christina, Queen of Sweden. Phillips says that "Grotius took the visit kindly, and gave him entertainment suitable to his worth and the high commendations he had heard of him."

From Paris Milton went to Nice and by sea to Genoa, and thence, by way of Leghorn and Pisa, to Florence, where he stayed two months. He was hospitably received by the Academies, or private literary societies, and became intimate with many of the learned men of the city. Either at this time or on his return to Florence—he does not tell us which—he made the acquaintance of Galileo. "There it was," he says, "that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

Milton next went to Rome, where he also made a stay of two months. Lucas Holstein, the learned librarian of the Vatican, received him with great courtesy, and showed him all the treasures of the library. He was also entertained by the Pope's nephew, Cardinal Barberini, who was a kind of "voluntary British consul," or patron of English visitors to Rome. At the Cardinal's musical concerts Milton heard the cele-

brated Leonora Baroni sing, and complimented her in three Latin epigrams.

The poet went from Rome to Naples, where he was introduced to the venerable Manso, Marquis of Villa, the patron and biographer of Tasso. "I experienced from him," says Milton, "as long as I remained there, the most friendly attentions. He accompanied me to the various parts of the city, and took me over the Viceroy's palace, and came more than once to my lodgings to visit me. At my departure he made earnest excuses to me for not having been able to show me the further attentions which he desired in that city, on account of my unwillingness to conceal my religious sentiments." Milton wrote a Latin poem in honour of Manso, to which the latter responded with a gift of two engraved goblets, and a Latin epigram, in which he said that Milton would be "non Anglus sed Angelus" if only his creed were the true one.

It had been the poet's intention to extend his travels to Sicily and Greece, but while he was in Naples he received tidings of the civil disturbances in England, and resolved to turn his steps homeward. "I deemed it," he says, "to be disgraceful for me to be idling away my time abroad for my own gratification, while my countrymen were contending for their liberty." Returning to Rome, though friends warned him that the English Jesuits there were plotting against him on account of his freedom of speech on religious subjects, he remained two months, "defending the reformed religion in the very metropolis of popery." He then proceeded to Florence, where he found himself as welcome, he says, as if it had been his own country.

At Venice, whither he next went by way of Bologna and Ferrara, Milton spent a month, and there he shipped to England the books and music he had collected in Italy. He then continued his journey to Verona and Milan, and over the Pennine Alps (that is, Mount St. Bernard) to Ge-

neva, where he was much in the society of John Diodati, the professor of theology, an uncle of his friend Charles Diodati. Thence he returned to Paris and home to England, late in July or early in August, 1639, after an absence of about fifteen months.

On reaching London he took lodgings in the house of one Russell, a tailor, in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street; but he soon left them for what was called a "garden-house" (that is, a detached house, enclosed by a garden, not uncommon in the city at that time) in Aldersgate Street—"the fitter for his turn," says Phillips, "by the reason of the privacy, besides that there were few streets in London more free from noise than that." Milton himself says: "Things being in such a disturbed and fluctuating state, I looked about to see if I could get any place that would hold myself and my books, and so I took a house of sufficient size in the city; and there, with no small delight, I resumed my intermitted studies, cheerfully leaving the issue of public affairs, first to God, and then to those to whom the people had committed that charge."

Milton had already taken his nephew John Phillips, a bright boy of nine years, to keep and educate; and now that he had a house of his own the elder nephew Edward Phillips was "put to board" with him. In addition to these he was induced to receive a few more pupils, "the sons of gentlemen who were his intimate friends." The curriculum of this select school included not only Greek and Latin, French and Italian, but Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, with mathematics and astronomy. The boys also wrote, from their master's dictation, a portion of a system of divinity which he had compiled.

In his treatment of his pupils, Aubrey says, "as he was severe on the one hand, so he was most familiar and free in his conversation to those whom he must serve in the way of education." He set them an example of hard labour and

spare diet, but about once a month he used to indulge in "a gaudy day" with some "young sparks of his acquaintance, the chief of whom were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, the beaux of those times," says Phillips, writing after the Revolution, "but nothing near so bad as those nowadays."

Meanwhile the civil and religious controversies of the time were approaching a crisis, and Milton felt it his duty to "embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes." Early in 1641 he brought out his treatise *Of Reformation in England and the Causes that have hitherto Hindered It.* The same year Bishop Hall published, at the request of Laud, *An Humble Remonstrance in favour of Episcopacy*, to which an answer was written under the title of *Smectymnuus*—a word composed of the initials of their names—by five Puritan divines.* Archbishop Usher then published in reply *The Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy*, which drew forth from Milton his treatise *Of Prelatical Episcopacy* and also *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty.* Bishop Hall then issued a *Defence of the Humble Remonstrance*, on which Milton wrote *Animadversions.* The following year (1642) an anonymous reply to the *Animadversions* appeared, in which the private character of the author was assailed, and to which he rejoined in *An Apology for Smectymnuus.* With this the controversy ended.

Milton's father, who had been residing in his son Christopher's house at Reading, now (1643) came to live with the poet, and remained until his death in March, 1647.

In this same year, 1643, the household in Aldersgate Street received another accession. "About Whitsuntide," says Phillips, "he [Milton] took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was more than a journey of recreation. After a month's stay home, he

* Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young (Milton's old tutor), Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow. The *W* of this last name is resolved into *uu*.

returns a married man who set out a bachelor; his wife being Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a Justice of the Peace of Forest Hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire." The bridegroom was now in his thirty-fifth year, the bride perhaps a dozen years younger.

It was only a few weeks after she had been welcomed to her new home with the "feasting held for some days in celebration of the nuptials," that the young wife was invited to visit her friends in the country. Milton gave her leave to go, on condition that she should be back at Michaelmas, but when the appointed time came she refused to return. He wrote again and again, but his letters were unanswered; he then sent a special messenger, who, according to Phillips, "was dismissed with some sort of contempt." Milton, finding that she intended to desert him, resolved to repudiate her, and to justify his course he published, at first anonymously, his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* (1644), in which he maintained that the dissolution of the marriage tie should be allowed in other cases than were then admitted. His views were opposed by the Presbyterian clergy, by whose influence he was cited to appear at the bar of the House of Lords; "but that House, whether approving the doctrine or not favouring his accusers, did soon dismiss him."

In the following year (1645) Milton published his *Tetrachordon, or Exposition of the Four chief Places in Scripture which treat of Marriage*, and also his *Colasterion*, in reply to an anonymous attack upon his first book on divorce. He began, moreover, to put his new theories into practice by paying his addresses to a Miss Davis, who is said to have been both beautiful and accomplished. Whether Mistress Milton heard of this we do not know, but just then she appears to have made up her mind to seek a reconciliation with her husband. Accordingly, when he was paying a visit at the house of a relative "who lived in the lane of St. Mar-

tin le Grand," she suddenly came forth from an inner room, threw herself on her knees before him, and implored his forgiveness, which he finally granted.

In 1644, besides the controversial works mentioned above, Milton wrote his *Tractate on Education* and his *Areopagitica, or a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*, the noblest of his prose works. In 1645 he published a volume of poems, which contains the sonnets *To a Virtuous Young Lady* and *To the Lady Margaret Ley*. To the same year belong the two sonnets on the *Tetrachordon* and the one addressed to his friend Henry Lawes.

About the time of his reconciliation with his wife Milton removed to a house in Barbican; and here he soon received his father-in-law and his family, who came to London after the surrender of Oxford. Mr. Powell had lost much of his estate in the Royalist service, and the remainder had been sequestrated by the Parliament. He afterwards recovered a portion of it, with the help of Milton, with whom he continued to reside until his death in January, 1647. Soon after this event his family appear to have returned to Forest Hill, and the poet's house, as Phillips says, "looked again like a home of the Muses." Here his first child, a daughter named Anne, had been born on the 29th of July, 1646. A second daughter, named Mary, after her mother, was born, October 25th, 1648, in a house in Holborn whither Milton had removed in the latter part of 1647.

After the execution of Charles I. in 1649, Milton came forward to defend that act in *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, and also to prove that the Presbyterians, who had raised a great outcry at the deed, were really responsible for it. About the same time he published his *Observations on the Articles of Peace*, concluded by Ormond, the lieutenant of Charles, just before the execution.

Milton was appointed Secretary of Foreign Tongues under the new Commonwealth, and was commissioned by the

Council of State in March, 1649. The duties of the office were chiefly the translation of despatches to and from foreign governments. For greater convenience in attending the meetings of the Council he changed his residence to Charing Cross, and later to "a pretty garden-house" in Westminster, opening into St. James's Park.* Here he continued to live for the next nine years.

Almost immediately after his appointment to the secretaryship Milton was ordered by the Council to prepare a reply to the book entitled "*Ikon Basiliké*, the portraiture of his sacred majesty in his solitude and sufferings," which professed to be the work of the king himself, and soon ran through forty-seven editions. Milton's rejoinder, which was named *Ikonoklastes*, set forth the unconstitutional acts of Charles and refuted the arguments by which these had been defended.

His next work was also imposed by the Council, namely, "to prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius (Claude de Saumaise, professor at Leyden and one of the most eminent scholars in Europe) entitled *Defensio Regia*, and written at the request of Charles II., who was then living in exile at the Hague. The order of the Council was given on the 8th of January 1650, and Milton's *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio* was published early in the following March. It has been asserted that he was paid £1000 for the work, but he received nothing in addition to his official salary except the cheap compliment of a formal vote of thanks.

Milton's sight had been failing for some years, and about 1650 one eye had become entirely blind. He was warned

* This house, afterwards separated from the Park by intervening streets, stood at 19 York Street, Westminster, until 1877, being the last of Milton's many London residences to disappear. It had been occupied also by William Hazlitt, who rented it of Jeremy Bentham. The latter had marked it by the inscription, "Sacred to Milton, Prince of Poets."

that he would lose the other if he continued to use it in literary labour; but he nevertheless went on to write his *Defensio Secunda*, a reply to the *Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cœlum*, published in 1652, in which the bitterest abuse of Milton was combined with the most virulent invectives against the English people. "The choice lay before me," Milton writes in his preface, "between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight; in such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Æsculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary: I could not but obey that inward monitor, I know not what, that spake to me from heaven. I considered with myself that many had purchased less good with worse ill, as they who give their lives to reap only glory, and I thereupon concluded to employ the little remaining eyesight I was to enjoy in doing this, the greatest service to the common weal it was in my power to render." As Mr. Church remarks in his *Life of Milton* (p. 106), "he could not foresee that, in less than ten years, the great work would be totally annihilated, . . . and the *Defensio*, on which he had expended his last year of eyesight, only mentioned because it had been written by the author of *Paradise Lost*."

In the same year, 1652, that Milton became totally blind, his wife died in giving birth to a third daughter, Deborah. A son, born in March, 1650, had died soon after coming into the world.

Alexander More (or Morus, as he Latinized his name), to whom Milton had ascribed the anonymous *Regii Sanguinis Clamor*, though it was really written by Peter Du Moulin, attempted a reply to the *Defensio Secunda* in his *Fides Publica*, which was in turn answered by Milton in his *Pro se Defensio*, published in August, 1655. This was met by a *Supplementum* from Morus, to which his opponent rejoined in another, and so the controversy ended at last.

In November, 1656, the poet married his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, who died about fifteen months after-

wards. "Her monument is the sonnet in which the widower commemorated his loss."

After the Restoration the author of *Ikonoklastes* was fain to hide himself until the passage of the Act of Indemnity, a few months later, made it safe for him to come out of his concealment. In the meantime two of his books had been burned by the hangman. In December, 1660, we find him under arrest for some unknown cause, the only record concerning the matter being the official order for his discharge.

In February, 1663, the blind widower again took to himself a wife, recommended to him by his friend Dr. Paget, to whom she was related. Her name was Elizabeth Minshull, and she belonged to a good family in Cheshire. The marriage appears to have been in all respects a happy one.

Paradise Lost had been begun as early as 1642, but it was not until 1658 that Milton appears to have gone to work upon it in earnest. According to Aubrey and Phillips it was finished in 1663, though it is probable that much remained to be done before it was absolutely complete. In 1665 the poet put the manuscript in the hands of his friend Ellwood, asking him to read and pass judgment upon it. It was on returning it that the young Quaker made the remark to which Milton afterwards said the writing of *Paradise Regained* was due — "Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?"

This was at the time of the Great Plague, when the poet had left London for a temporary residence near Chalfont St. Giles in the county of Bucks. The Great Fire of 1666 followed soon after his return to the city, but he was now living near Bunhill Fields, beyond the range of the conflagration. In the following April the copyright of *Paradise Lost* was sold to Samuel Simmons for five pounds, with the understanding that the same sum was to be paid on the sale of thirteen hundred copies of the first edition, and also on the sale of a like number of the second and third editions

respectively. Milton lived to receive the second £5, and his widow accepted £8 in discharge of all further claims.

Paradise Regained and *Samson Agonistes* were published together in the autumn of 1670, being the last poetry written by Milton. His *History of England*, which he brought down to the Norman Conquest, appeared in the same year. A treatise on Logic followed in 1672, and a tract on *True Religion, Heresy, Schism, and Toleration* in 1673, when he also reprinted his early poems, with some additions. The next year he published his *Familiar Epistles in Latin* (letters written in that language to his foreign friends), the *Academical Exercises* of his college days, and a translation of the Declaration of the Poles on the election of John Sobieski. A compendium of theology, *De Doctrina Christiana*, which he was preparing for the press at the time of his death, did not see the light until a century and a half later.

Milton had been for some years afflicted with the gout—or what was called so in that day—and in July, 1674, feeling that his end was not far distant, he made an oral declaration of his last will and testament in the presence of his brother, who was then paying him a visit. He left all his property, amounting to some £1500, to his wife. A person who saw him early in the following October states that he then "talked and discoursed sensibly and well, and was very merry, and seemed to be in good health of body;" but repeated attacks of disease soon told upon his constitution, and on Sunday, the 8th of November, he died "by a quiet and silent expiration." He was buried the next Thursday in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, one of the few old London churches that had escaped the Great Fire of 1666. "The funeral was attended," says Toland, "by all the author's learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar."

In person Milton was rather below middle size, but well-built and eminently handsome. At Cambridge, as Aubrey

tells us, he was called the "Lady" of his college. His hair was of a light brown, and he wore it long and parted in the middle, as represented in his portraits. His eyes were gray, and their appearance was not affected by his blindness. "His deportment was affable, and his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness."

In his mode of life he was regular and temperate. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies; but towards the close of his life he retired every night at nine o'clock, and lay till four in summer and till five in winter. If not disposed to rise then, he had some one sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read, and after breakfast studied till twelve. He then exercised for an hour, dined, played on the organ or bass-viol, and sang or heard his wife sing, after which he studied again till six. From that time till eight he conversed with friends who came to visit him, and after a light supper, followed by a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, retired to rest.

We have a description of the poet in his declining years from "an ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire," one Dr. Wright, who found him "in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and feet gouty and with chalk-stones. . . . He used also to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air. And so, as well as in his room, he received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality."

Milton's nuncupative will in favour of his widow was contested by his daughters, to whom he had devised only the portion due to him from Mr. Powell, his first wife's father, "they having," he says, "been very undutiful to me." According to the evidence of a servant given during the litigation, Mary Milton, when told of her father's intended marriage, "replyed to the said maid-servant that that was noe news to heare of his

wedding, but if shee could heare of his death that was something." The same witness testified that "all his said children did combine together and counsel his maid-servant to cheat him the deceased in her markettings, and that his said children had made away with some of his bookes and would have sold the rest of his bookes to the dunghill women."

On the other hand, Phillips states that Milton condemned his daughters to "reading and exactly pronouncing the language of whatever book he thought fit to peruse, viz. the Hebrew (and I think the Syriac), the Latin, the Italian, Spanish, and French." The eldest daughter having been excused from this task-work on account of an impediment in her speech, the two younger, after enduring it for a long time, "broke out more and more into expressions of uneasiness; so they were all sent out to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold or silver." This was some years before Milton's death, but they never returned to share their father's house.

The disputed will was set aside, but letters of administration were granted to Milton's widow, who eventually came into possession of the bulk of the estate. All three of the daughters married, but only the youngest had any children, and no descendants of these were destined to perpetuate the poet's name. Milton's family, like Shakespeare's and Spenser's, became extinct in the third generation.

II. EXTRACTS FROM CHANNING'S ESSAY ON MILTON.*

In speaking of the *intellectual* qualities of Milton, we may begin with observing that the very splendour of his poetic

* *Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton*, by William Ellery Channing, D.D., first published in the *Christian Examiner*, Jan. 1826 (*Works*, vol. i. p. 4 fol.).

Sundry briefer extracts from other critical comments on Milton will be found in the Notes.

fame has tended to obscure or conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many he seems only a poet, when in truth he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions. He had not learned the superficial docrine of a later day, that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating knowledge, lest it should oppress and smother his genius. He was conscious of that within him which could quicken all knowledge and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together, by living ties and mysterious affinities, the most remote discoveries, and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected. Milton had that universality which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed almost from infancy to drink at the fountains of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, on whatever soil, or in whatever age, it burst forth and poured out its fulness. He understood too well the rights and dignity and pride of creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman school. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt that poetry was as a universal presence. Great minds were everywhere his kindred. He felt the enchantment of Oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of "Araby the Blest," and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness contributions from all regions under heaven. Nor was

it only in the department of imagination that his acquisitions were vast. He travelled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had then been explored. His various philological attainments were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries where the intellect had been cultivated. The natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, history, theology, and political science, of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind; and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of that universal culture of intellect which forms one distinction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought. Let such remember that mind is in its own nature diffusive. Its object is the universe, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connections and correspondences; and accordingly its natural progress is from one to another field of thought; and wherever original power, creative genius, exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more common bearings and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge, will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendour, to whatever topic it would unfold.

Milton's fame rests chiefly on his poetry, and to this we naturally give our first attention. By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of intellect he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression

of that principle or sentiment which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean of that thirst or aspiration to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes further towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those secret recesses of the soul where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it "makes all things new" for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects life and sentiment and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendours of the outward creation; describes

the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the soul in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but, when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and, even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond

and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the springtime of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life. . . .

In delineating Milton's character as a *poet*, we are saved the necessity of looking far for its distinguishing attributes. His name is almost identified with sublimity. He is in truth the sublimest of men. He rises, not by effort or discipline, but by a native tendency and a godlike instinct, to the contemplation of objects of grandeur and awfulness. He always moves with a conscious energy. There is no subject so vast or terrific as to repel or intimidate him. The overpowering grandeur of a theme kindles and attracts him. He enters on the description of the infernal regions with a fearless tread, as if he felt within himself a power to erect the prison-house of fallen spirits, to encircle them with flames and horrors worthy of their crimes, to call forth from them shouts which should "tear hell's concave," and to embody in their chief an archangel's energies, and a demon's pride and hate. Even the stupendous conception of Satan seems never to oppress his faculties. This character of power runs through all Milton's works. His descriptions of nature show a free and bold hand. He has no need of the minute, graphic skill which we prize in Cowper or Crabbe. With a few strong or delicate touches, he impresses, as it were, his own mind on the scenes which he would describe, and kindles the imagination of the gifted reader to clothe them with

the same radiant hues under which they appeared to his own.

This attribute of power is universally felt to characterize Milton. His sublimity is in every man's mouth. Is it felt that his poetry breathes a sensibility and tenderness hardly surpassed by its sublimity? We apprehend that the grandeur of Milton's mind has thrown some shade over his milder beauties; and this it has done, not only by being more striking and imposing, but by the tendency of vast mental energy to give a certain calmness to the expression of tenderness and deep feeling. A great mind is the master of its own enthusiasm, and does not often break out into those tumults which pass with many for the signs of profound emotion. Its sensibility, though more intense and enduring, is more self-possessed and less perturbed than that of other men, and is therefore less observed and felt, except by those who understand, through their own consciousness, the workings and utterance of genuine feeling. . . .

We should not fulfil our duty were we not to say one word on what has been justly celebrated, the harmony of Milton's versification. His numbers have the prime charm of expressiveness. They vary with, and answer to, the depth or tenderness or sublimity of his conceptions, and hold intimate alliance with the soul. Like Michael Angelo, in whose hands the marble was said to be flexible, he bends our language, which foreigners reproach with hardness, into whatever forms the subject demands. All the treasures of sweet and solemn sound are at his command. Words, harsh and discordant in the writings of less gifted men, flow through his poetry in a full stream of harmony. This power over language is not to be ascribed to Milton's musical ear. It belongs to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius, which has power to impress itself on whatever it touches, and finds or frames, in sounds, motions, and material forms, corre-

spondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings.

We close our remarks on Milton's poetry with observing that it is characterized by seriousness. Great and various as are its merits, it does not discover all the variety of genius which we find in Shakspeare, whose imagination revelled equally in regions of mirth, beauty, and terror, now evoking spectres, now sporting with fairies, and now "ascending the highest heaven of invention." Milton was cast on times too solemn and eventful, was called to take part in transactions too perilous, and had too perpetual need of the presence of high thoughts and motives, to indulge himself in light and gay creations, even had his genius been more flexible and sportive. But Milton's poetry, though habitually serious, is always healthful and bright and vigorous. It has no gloom. He took no pleasure in drawing dark pictures of life; for he knew by experience that there is a power in the soul to transmute calamity into an occasion and nutriment of moral power and triumphant virtue. We find nowhere in his writings that whining sensibility and exaggeration of morbid feeling which makes so much of modern poetry effeminating. If he is not gay, he is not spirit-broken. His *L'Allegro* proves that he understood thoroughly the bright and joyous aspects of nature; and in his *Penseroso*, where he was tempted to accumulate images of gloom, we learn that the saddest views which he took of creation are such as inspire only pensive musing or lofty contemplation. . . .

We now leave the writings of Milton to offer a few remarks on his *moral* qualities. His moral character was as strongly marked as his intellectual, and it may be expressed in one word, *magnanimity*. It was in harmony with his poetry. He had a passionate love of the higher, more commanding, and majestic virtues, and fed his youthful mind with meditations on the perfection of a human being. In a letter written to an Italian friend before his thirtieth year, and translated

by Hayley, we have this vivid picture of his aspirations after virtue:

"As to other points, what God may have determined for me I know not; but this I know, that if he ever instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, he has instilled it into mine. Ceres, in the fable, pursued not her daughter with a greater keenness of inquiry than I day and night the idea of perfection. Hence, wherever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire, in sentiment, language, and conduct, to what the highest wisdom, through every age, has taught us as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment; and if I am so influenced by nature or destiny that by no exertion or labours of my own I may exalt myself to this summit of worth and honour, yet no powers of heaven or earth will hinder me from looking with reverence and affection upon those who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appeared engaged in the successful pursuit of it."

His *Comus* was written in his twenty-sixth year, and on reading this exquisite work our admiration is awakened, not so much by observing how the whole spirit of poetry had descended on him at that early age, as by witnessing how his whole youthful soul was penetrated, awed, and lifted up by the austere charms, "the radiant light," the invincible power, the celestial peace of saintly virtue. He reverenced moral purity and elevation, not only for its own sake, but as the inspirer of intellect, and especially of the higher efforts of poetry. "I was confirmed," he says, in his usual noble style, "I was confirmed in this opinion: that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing of high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

We learn from his works that he used his multifarious reading to build up within himself this reverence for virtue. Ancient history, the sublime musings of Plato, and the heroic self-abandonment of chivalry, joined their influences with prophets and apostles in binding him "everlastingly in willing homage" to the great, the honourable, and the lovely in character. A remarkable passage to this effect, we quote from his account of his youth:

"I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount, in solemn cantos, the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood or of his life, if it so befell him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies by such a dear adventure of themselves had sworn. . . . So that even these, books which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, I cannot think how, unless by divine indulgence, proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of virtue" (vol. i. pp. 238, 239).

All Milton's habits were expressive of a refined and self-denying character. When charged by his unprincipled slanderers with licentious habits, he thus gives an account of his morning hours:

"Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring, in winter often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour or devotion; in summer as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary or memory have its full fraught; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardi-

ness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations, rather than to see the ruin of our protestation and the enforcement of a slavish life" (vol. i. p. 233).

We have enlarged on the strictness and loftiness of Milton's virtue, not only from our interest in the subject, but that we may put to shame and silence those men who make genius an apology for vice, and take the sacred fire, kindled by God within them, to inflame men's passions and to minister to a vile sensuality.

We see Milton's greatness of mind in his fervent and constant attachment to liberty. Freedom, in all its forms and branches, was dear to him, but especially freedom of thought and speech, of conscience and worship, freedom to seek, profess, and propagate truth. The liberty of ordinary politicians, which protects men's outward rights and removes restraints from the pursuit of property and outward good, fell very short of that for which Milton lived and was ready to die. The tyranny which he hated most was that which broke the intellectual and moral power of the community. The worst feature of the institutions which he assailed was, that they fettered the mind. He felt within himself that the human mind had a principle of perpetual growth, that it was essentially diffusive and made for progress, and he wished every chain broken, that it might run the race of truth and virtue with increasing ardour and success. This attachment to a spiritual and refined freedom, which never forsook him in the hottest controversies, contributed greatly to protect his genius, imagination, taste, and sensibility, from the withering and polluting influences of public station and of the rage of parties. It threw a hue of poetry over politics, and gave a sublime reference to his service of the commonwealth. The fact that Milton, in that stormy day,

and amidst the trials of public office, kept his high faculties undepraved, was a proof of no common greatness. Politics, however they make the intellect active, sagacious, and inventive, within a certain sphere, generally extinguish its thirst for universal truth, paralyze sentiment and imagination, corrupt the simplicity of the mind, destroy that confidence in human virtue which lies at the foundation of philanthropy and generous sacrifices, and end in cold and prudent selfishness. Milton passed through a revolution, which, in its last stages and issue, was peculiarly fitted to damp enthusiasm, to scatter the visions of hope, and to infuse doubts of the reality of virtuous principle; and yet the ardour, and moral feeling, and enthusiasm of his youth came forth unhurt, and even exalted, from the trial.

Before quitting the subject of Milton's devotion to liberty, it ought to be recorded that he wrote his celebrated *Defence of the People of England* after being distinctly forewarned by his physicians that the effect of this exertion would be the utter loss of sight. His reference to this part of his history, in a short poetical effusion, is too characteristic to be withheld. It is inscribed to Cyriac Skinner, the friend to whom he appears to have confided his lately discovered *Treatise on Christian Doctrine.*

"Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better guide."

We see Milton's magnanimity in the circumstances under which *Paradise Lost* was written. It was not in prosperity, in honour, and amidst triumphs, but in disappointment, desertion, and in what the world calls disgrace, that he composed that work. The cause with which he had identified himself had failed. His friends were scattered; liberty was trodden under foot; and her devoted champion was a by-word among the triumphant Royalists. But it is the prerogative of true greatness to glorify itself in adversity, and to meditate and execute vast enterprises in defeat. Milton, fallen in outward condition, afflicted with blindness, disappointed in his best hopes, applied himself with characteristic energy to the sublimest achievement of intellect, solacing himself with great thoughts, with splendid creations, and with a prophetic confidence that, however neglected in his own age, he was framing in his works a bond of union and fellowship with the illustrious spirits of a brighter day. We delight to contemplate him in his retreat and last years. To the passing spectator he seemed fallen and forsaken, and his blindness was reproached as a judgment from God. But though sightless, he lived in light. His inward eye ranged through universal nature, and his imagination shed on it brighter beams than the sun. Heaven and hell and paradise were open to him. He visited past ages, and gathered round him ancient sages and heroes, prophets and apostles, brave knights and gifted bards. As he looked forward, ages of liberty dawned and rose to his view, and he felt that he was about to bequeath to them an inheritance of genius, "which would not fade away," and was to live in the memory, reverence, and love of remotest generations. . . .

We here close our general remarks on Milton's intellectual and moral qualities. We venerate him as a man of genius, but still more as a man of magnanimity and Christian virtue, who regarded genius and poetry as sacred gifts,

imparted to him, not to amuse men or to build up a reputation, but that he might quicken and call forth what was great and divine in his fellow-creatures, and might secure the only true fame, the admiration of minds which his writings were to kindle and exalt.

III. WORDSWORTH'S SONNET TO MILTON.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

THE MINOR POEMS OF MILTON.

THE MINOR POEMS OF MILTON.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

This is the month and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?

Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet!
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapp'd in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,

The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
  Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
  Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence,
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

VII.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
  The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
  The new-enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
  Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
  Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
  As never was by mortal finger strook,

Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefac'd Night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says, No,
This must not yet be so;
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy

That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify;
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake:
The aged Earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When at the world's last session
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud ;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET W. SHAKESPEARE.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter
The honour'd wife of Winchester,
A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness and with death.
Yet, had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage-feast;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland as he stood
Ye might discern a cypress-bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But, whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came,
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree.
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,

And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Sideways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears
Prove to be presaging tears
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.
Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have!
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That, to give the world increase,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease!
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers and some bays
For thy hearse to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilst thou, bright saint, high sitt'st in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess
Who, after years of barrenness,
The highly favour'd Joseph bore
To him that serv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee

Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light:
There with thee, new-welcome saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race:
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain!
For whenas each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth and peace and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death and Chance and thee,
O Time!

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce;
And to our high-rais'd phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him and sing in endless morn of light!

SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
  Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
  Mirth and youth and warm desire!
  Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
  Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
  Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
  'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
  Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings
And the night-raven sings;
  There under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
  In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether—as some sager sing—
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr, with Aurora playing
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn

Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves,

Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequer'd shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend

To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she—in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,

Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what—though rare—of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Silvan loves
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,

Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family; who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this Song.

I. SONG.

Look, nymphs and shepherds, look!
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook?
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend;
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise;
Less than half we find express'd,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads;
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a goddess bright
In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the tower'd Cybele,
Mother of a hundred Gods?
Juno dares not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward the GENIUS *of the wood appears, and, turning toward them, speaks.*

Genius. Stay, gentle swains, for, though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs, as great and good,
I know this quest of yours and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity,
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame has left untold;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from Jove I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,

Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount and all this hallow'd ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves or tassell'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words and murmurs made to bless.
But else, in deep of night when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds. Yet, as we go,
Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all that are of noble stem
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string.
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof,
Follow me.
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. SONG.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

COMUS,

A MASK.

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,

BEFORE

JOHN, EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

THE PERSONS.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.
COMUS with his crew.
The LADY.
First BROTHER.
Second BROTHER.
SABRINA, the Nymph.

COMUS.

The First Scene Discovers a Wild Wood.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT *descends or enters.*

Spirit. Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care,
Confin'd and pester'd in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
To such my errand is; and but for such
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;

Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns
And wield their little tridents. But this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state
And new-intrusted sceptre. But their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovran Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell.—Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?—
This nymph, that gaz'd upon his clustering locks
With ivy berries wreath'd and his blithe youth,
Had by him ere he parted thence a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam'd;

Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades embower'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste—
For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst—
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy,
As now I do. But first I must put off
These my sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch
Likeliest and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS *enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity!
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed;
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:

What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns! mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air!
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done and none left out,
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice Morn on the Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright. Some virgin sure—
For so I can distinguish by mine art—
Benighted in these woods! Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl

My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that 's against my course.
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken if I may her business hear.

The LADY *enters.*

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O, where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side

To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wandering steps too far,
And envious darkness ere they could return
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife and perfect in my listening ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.—

Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new-enliven'd spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

Song.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies!

Enter COMUS.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down

Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who as they sung would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I 'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan or Silvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears.
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leavy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Comus. Imports their loss beside the present need?
Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
Comus. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat.
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,
And as I pass'd I worshipp'd. If those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven
To help you find them.
Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
Lady. To find that out, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of starlight,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.
Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse. If otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low

But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters than in tapestry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended. In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.—
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength!—Shepherd, lead on.

Enter the two Brothers.

1 *Brother.* Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady
Or Tyrian Cynosure!

2 *Brother.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'T would be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister!

Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger or of savage heat?

1 *Brother.* Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise—
Not being in danger, as I trust she is not—
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to-ruffled and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 *Brother.* 'T is most true
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night or loneliness it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

1 *Brother.* I do not, brother,
Infer as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt or controversy;
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

2 *Brother.* What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

1 *Brother.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own.
'T is chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensualty
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 *Brother.* How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1 *Brother.* List, list! I hear
Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

2 *Brother.* Methought so too; what should it be?

1 *Brother.* For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2 *Brother.* Heaven keep my sister! Again, again, and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
1 *Brother.* I 'll halloo:
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us!

Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *habited like a shepherd.*

That halloo I should know. What are you? speak.
Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else.
Spirit. What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.
2 *Brother.* O brother, 't is my father's shepherd, sure!
1 *Brother.* Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale.
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?
Spirit. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O, my virgin lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
1 *Brother.* To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
Spirit. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
1 *Brother.* What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly show.
Spirit. I 'll tell ye: 't is not vain or fabulous,
Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse
Of dire Chimeras and enchanted isles,

And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face. This I have learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts
That brow this bottom-glade; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill: but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence

Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep.
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death; but O, ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister!
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear;
And 'O poor hapless nightingale,' thought I,
'How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!'
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise—
For so by certain signs I knew—had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey;
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

2 *Brother.* O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

1 *Brother.* Yes, and keep it still;
Lean on it safely: not a period

Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm:
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gather'd like scum and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on!
Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I 'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spirit. Alas! good venturous youth,
I love thy courage yet and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead:
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

1 *Brother.* Why, prithee, shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near
As to make this relation?

Spirit. Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the lady from surprisal
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit and hearken e'en to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out.
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
Or ghastly Furies' apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd;
But now I find it true, for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. If you have this about you—
As I will give you when we go—you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,

But seize his wand. Though he and his curs'd crew
Fierce sign of battle make and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.
1 *Brother.* Thyrsis, lead on apace; I'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us!

The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS *appears with his rabble, and the* LADY *set in an enchanted chair; to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

Comus. Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.
Lady. Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled while Heaven sees good.
Comus. Why are you vext, lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,

And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted. But, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.
Lady. 'T will not, false traitor!
'T will not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer. None
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.
Comus. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence!
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,

But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd the all-worshipp'd ore and precious gems
To store her children with. If all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility:
The earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, lady; be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home;

They had their name thence: coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts:
Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet.
Lady. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance. She, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no wit encumber'd with her store:
And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?

Thou hast not ear nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd.
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.
Comus. She fables not. I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power:
And, though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more!
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation.
I must not suffer this: yet 't is but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood.
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The Brothers *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The* ATTENDANT SPIRIT *comes in.*

Spirit. What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
O, ye mistook! ye should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast. Without his rod revers'd
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd and motionless.
Yet stay, be not disturb'd: now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream:
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodel,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river. Still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve

Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need. This will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

Song.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus;
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;

By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save!

SABRINA *rises, attended by Water-nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grow the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.

Spirit. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabrina. Shepherd, 't is my office best
To help ensnared chastity.

Brightest lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA *descends, and the* LADY *rises out of her seat.*

Spirit. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills
That tumble down the snowy hills;
Summer drouth or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.—
Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound

Till we come to holier ground!
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide;
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains that there abide
With jigs and rural dance resort.
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.
Come, let us haste; the stars grow high,
But Night sits monarch yet in the mid-sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle; then come in Country Dancers, after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *with the two* Brothers *and the* LADY.

Song.

Spirit. *Back, shepherds, back! enough your play*
Till next sunshine holiday.
Here be, without duck or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble lord and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight:
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own.

Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT *epiloguizes.*

Spirit. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd Hours
Thither all their bounties bring.
There eternal summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew—
List, mortals, if your ears be true!—
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.

But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranc'd
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637 *; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nurs'd upon the selfsame hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,

We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows,
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar

His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—
That last infirmity of noble mind—
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea.
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
'Ah! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?'
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain—
The golden opes, the iron shuts amain.
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
'How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the wild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd:
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth,
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,

Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals gray.
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

SONNETS.

I.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

II.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,

Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh ;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

III.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground ; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IV.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.

Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

V.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent;
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet:
So well your words his noble virtues praise
That all both judge you to relate them true
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

VI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*,
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, 'Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this!' and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, sirs, than *Gordon*,

Colkitto, or *Macdonnel*, or *Galasp?*
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward Greek.

VII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good:
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

VIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long,
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.

Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn or story.
Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

IX.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
Of death, call'd life, which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod,
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

X.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire

The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

Cyriac, whose grandsire on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench,
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XII.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise

Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O, yet a nobler task awaits thy hand—
For what can war but endless war still breed?—
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XIII.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XIV.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace or to unfold

The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd;
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done.
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XV.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

XVI.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XVII.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER, ON HIS BLINDNESS.

Cyriac, this three years' day these eyes, though clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star, throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XVIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint

Purification in the old Law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night!

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul
Must now be nam'd and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call!
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge:
New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large.

APPENDIX.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean, and why skipp'd the mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast
Of Him that ever was and aye shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
  For his mercies aye endure,
  Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
  For his, etc.

O, let us his praises tell
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell;
  For his, etc.
Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed heaven and earth to shake;
  For his, etc.
Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state;
  For his, etc.
Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain;
  For his, etc.
Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light;
  For his, etc.
And caus'd the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run;
  For his, etc.
The horned moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright;
  For his, etc.
He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of Egypt land;
  For his, etc.
And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel;
  For his, etc.
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main;
  For his, etc.
The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass;
  For his, etc.
But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power;
  For his, etc.
His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
  For his, etc.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown;
  For his, etc.
He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast;
  For his, etc.
And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew;
  For his, etc.
And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell;
  For his, etc.
He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery;
  For his, etc.
And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy;
  For his, etc.
All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need;
  For his, etc.
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth;
  For his, etc.
That his mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye;
  For his mercies aye endure,
  Ever faithful, ever sure.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT, DYING OF A COUGH.

I.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spied from far;
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care:
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding-place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land,
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb;
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?
O, no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, O soul most surely blest—
If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear—
Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest,

Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields—if such there were—
O, say me true if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall,
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny heaven, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou [Mercy,] that sweet-smiling youth?
Or that crown'd matron, sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heavenly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world and unto heaven aspire?

X.

But O, why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false-imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent:
This if thou do, he will an offspring give
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

A VACATION EXERCISE.

At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. *The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.*

HAIL, Native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door
Where he had mutely sat two years before!
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask
That now I use thee in my latter task.
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee;
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee.
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first;
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst:
And if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made,
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure;
Not those new-fangled toys and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantastics with delight,
But cull those richest robes and gay'st attire
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out,
And, weary of their place, do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array,

That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears.
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire;
Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
In heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way.
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then ENS *is represented as father of the Predicaments his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his Canons, which* ENS, *thus speaking, explains.*

Good luck befriend thee, son, for at thy birth
The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth!
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,

And sweetly singing round about thy bed
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible.
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And in Time's long and dark prospective-glass
Foresaw what future days should bring to pass.
'Your son,' said she, 'nor can you it prevent,
Shall subject be to many an *accident*.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under.
In worth and excellence he shall outgo them,
Yet, being above them, he shall be below them,
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring War shall never cease to roar;
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.'
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next, QUANTITY *and* QUALITY, *spake in prose; then* RELATION *was called by his name.*

Rivers, arise! whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads,
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallow'd Dee,

Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thame.

[*The rest was prose.*]

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming powers and winged warriors bright,
That erst with music and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
Now mourn; and, if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow.
He who with all heaven's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world now bleeds to give us ease.
Alas! how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!

O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above,
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day; but O, ere long,
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart!

THE PASSION.

I.

EREWHILE of music and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of Heavenly Infant's birth,
My Muse with angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long outliving night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers and snares and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.

He, sovran Priest, stooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies:
O, what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more: the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound.
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings otherwhere are found;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound:
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief!
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief
That heaven and earth are colour'd with my woe:
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a wannish white.

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood!
My spirit some transporting cherub feels
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood.
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of heaven's richest store,
And here, though grief my feeble hands uplock,
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or should I, thence hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild;
And I—for grief is easily beguil'd—
Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

* * * * * *

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the Plague.

HERE lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He 's here stuck in a slough and overthrown.
'T was such a shifter that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodg'd with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
'Hobson has supp'd, and 's newly gone to bed'

ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot;
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet—without a crime
'Gainst old truth—motion number'd out his time;
And, like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;

Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd.
'Nay,' quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
'If I may n't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.'
Ease was his chief disease, and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath—there be that say 't—
As he were press'd to death, he cried, 'More weight!'
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas;
Yet—strange to think—his wain was his increase.
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott's *Gr.*, Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third ed.).
B., R. C. Browne's "Clarendon Press" ed. of Milton (Oxford, 1870).
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Ep. Mar. Win., Milton's *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.*
F. Q., Spenser's *Faërie Queene.*
Fol., following.
Id. (*idem*), the same.
Imp. Dict., Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary* (Century Co.'s ed., New York, 1883).
J., C. S. Jerram's ed. of Milton's *Lycidas* (London, 1874).
K., Thos. Keightley's ed. of Milton (London, 1859).
M., David Masson's ed. of Milton (London, 1874).
Mätzner, *English Grammar*, trans. by Grece (London, 1874).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
New Eng. Dict., the Philological Society's *New English Dictionary*, edited by J. A. H. Murray (Oxford, 1885).
Rich., Richardson's Dictionary (London, 1838).
Skeat, W. W. Skeat's *Concise Etymological Dictionary* (Harper's ed., 1882).
Sol. Mus. Milton's *At a Solemn Music.*
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto ed. of 1879).

Other abbreviations will be readily understood. The line-numbers in the references to Shakespeare are those of the "Globe" edition.

NOTES.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

HALLAM calls this ode "perhaps the most beautiful in the English language;" and Landor says that stanzas 4–7 of the hymn itself are "incomparably the noblest piece of lyric poetry in any modern language" that he is conversant with. He adds an expression of regret that "the remainder is here and there marred by the bubbles and fetid mud of the Italian," to the influence of which literature he ascribes many of the redundancies and exaggerations of Milton's verse. Johnson did not deign to notice the poem; and Warton, after referring to stanzas 19 and 26 as "the best part" of it, adds: "The rest chiefly consists of a string of affected conceits, which his early youth and the fashion of the times can only excuse." He admits, however, that "there is a dignity and simplicity in the fourth stanza of the hymn worthy the maturest years and the best times;" and the next stanza, he says, is not, "an expression or two excepted, unworthy of Milton."

The stanza of the introduction is the same that the young poet had already devised for the verses *On the Death of a Fair Infant;* and that of the hymn is also original with him.

A passage in Milton's sixth Latin elegy (quoted by M.) shows that the poem was begun on Christmas Day, 1629. The elegy is addressed to his friend Charles Diodati, then residing in the country, in answer to a metrical epistle sent to Milton on the 13th of December. The reference to the ode is as follows:

> "At tu, si quid agam scitabere, si modo saltem
> Esse putas tanti noscere si quid agam.
> Paciferum canimus caelesti semine regem,
> Faustaque sacratis secula pacta libris;
> Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
> Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit;
> Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque aethere turmas,
> Et subito elisos ad sua fana deos.
> Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa;
> Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
> Tu quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis;
> Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris."

5. *The holy sages.* The Prophets.
6. *Our deadly forfeit.* All that was forfeited when Adam fell.
10. *He wont.* Cf. *P. L.* i. 764:

"Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd," etc.

As K. remarks, "the allusion to earthly councils is perhaps too familiar."

14. *A darksome house*, etc. Cf. *Il Pens.* 91:

"The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook."

23. *Wizards.* Wise men; the original sense of the word. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 12: "And strong advizement of six wizards old;" and *Id.* iv. 12. 2:

"Therefore the antique wizards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred."

24. *Prevent.* Anticipate. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1. 105: "to prevent the time of life" (by suicide), etc.

27. *The angel quire.* See *Luke*, ii. 13.

28. *From out his secret altar*, etc. See *Isa.* vi. 6; and cf. Milton's *Reason of Church Government:* "that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases."

36. *To wanton with the Sun*, etc. Cf. Milton's *Eleg.* v. 55:

"Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus, Phoebe, subire tuos," etc.

41. *Pollute.* Milton often uses these contracted participles of Latin origin; as *increate* (*P. L.* iii. 6), *devote* (*Id.* iii. 208), *situate* (*Id.* vi. 641), *suspect* (*P. R.* ii. 399), etc. Cf. Abbott's *Gr.* § 342.

45. *Cease.* For the causative sense, cf. *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 255:

"A certain stuff, which being ta'en would cease
The present power of life," etc.

We find it in the passive in *Timon of Athens*, ii. 1. 16:

"Be not ceas'd
With slight denial," etc.

47. *Sliding.* Gliding; as often in writers of the time. Cf. *Vac. Ex.* 4, *Lyc.* 86, etc. See also Shakespeare, *Sonn.* 45. 4:

"The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide."

48. *The turning sphere.* The Ptolemaic system of crystalline spheres. Cf. 125 below.

50. *Turtle.* Turtle-dove; the only instance of the word in Milton's verse. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, v. 3. 132:

"I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough," etc.

56. *The hooked chariot.* The ancient war-chariot, armed with scythes or hooks. K. cites the description of the Souldan's chariot in *F. Q.* v. 8. 28: "With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully."

59. *Awful.* Full of awe, awe-struck; as in *Richard II.* iii. 3. 76: "To pay their awful duty to our presence," etc.

60. *Sovran.* Milton's form for *sovereign*, and etymologically the more correct, as the word is from the Latin *superanus* (Ital. *sovrano*). The common spelling is due to a fancied connection with *reign*.

64. *Whist.* Hushed; the contracted participle of the old verb *whist* or *hist*. Cf. *Tempest*, i. 2. 379:

> "Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
> The wild waves whist"

(that is, kissed them into silence); *F. Q.* vii. 7. 59: "So was the Titanesse put down and whist," etc.

66. *Ocean.* A trisyllable; as in *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 8: "Your mind is tossing on the ocean;" *King John*, ii. 1. 340: "A peaceful progress to the ocean;" 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 1. 50: "The beachy girdle of the ocean," etc. See also on 108 and 163 below.

68. *Birds of calm.* The *halcyons*, or kingfishers. According to the old myth, the sea was calm at the time of their incubation, which was about the winter solstice.

71. *Influence.* An astrological word. As used by Milton and Shakespeare, it always refers, literally or figuratively, to the influence of the heavenly bodies. See on *L'All.* 121 below.

73. *For all the morning light.* Cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 2. 36: "My father is not dead for all your saying," etc.

76. *Bespake.* An emphatic *spake*. Cf. *Lyc.* 112. *Bid* = bade; as in 124 below.

78. *Room.* Place; as in *Vac. Ex.* 58.

81. *As.* As if. Cf. *Macbeth*, i. 4. 11:

> "To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
> As 'twere a careless trifle," etc.

85. *Lawn.* In its old sense of a "wild bushy plain," or clear space in a forest. It was formerly spelt *laund* or *lawnd* (Fr. *lande*). Cf. *L'All.* 71; and see Shakespeare, *V. and A.* 813: "And homeward through the dark laund runs apace," etc.

86. *Or ere.* A reduplication, the *or* being = before; as in Chaucer, *Knightes Tale*, 1685: "Cleer was the day, as I have told or this." *Ere* seems to have been added to *or* for emphasis when the meaning of the latter was dying out. In early English we find such combinations as *erst er*, *before er*, *before or* (Mätzner, iii. 451).

Some explain *or ere*, which they write *or e'er*, as a contraction of *or ever* (before ever). *Or ever* is, indeed, not unfrequently found (as in the Bible, in *Eccles.* xii. 6, *Prov.* viii. 23, etc.); but, as Abbott remarks (*Gr.* § 131), it is much more likely that *ever* should be substituted for *ere* than *ere* for *ever*.

88. *Than.* Then; an old form used for the rhyme.

89. *Pan.* The name was sometimes poetically applied to Christ; as by Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* May: "When great Pan account of shepeherdes shall aske." The *Glosse* on the passage says: "*Great Pan* is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (methinkes) applyed to him; for

Pan signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Jesus." See also *Shep. Kal.* July :

> " And wonned not the great God Pan
> Upon mount Olivet,
> Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,
> Which dyd himselfe beget?"

95. *Strook.* Here apparently used for the rhyme ; but, as M. remarks, Milton " seems to have preferred *strook* for musical reasons, and to have always used it except where some particular modification of those reasons recommended *struck*." He has *strook* even in prose ; as in *Ref. in Eng.* : " Strook through the black and settled night of Ignorance."

97. *Noise*, Music ; as in *Sol. Mus.* 18. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 12. 39 : " During which time there was an heavenly noise ;" *Tempest*, iii. 2. 144 :

> " the isle is full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not ;"

and Coleridge, *Anc. Mariner :*

> " It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
> A pleasant noise till noon—
> A noise like of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune."

98. *As all.* The force of *such* in 93 seems to be carried forward to 96. For *took*, cf. *Vac. Ex.* 20.

100. *Close.* Cadence, or conclusion of a strain. Cf. *Comus*, 548.

101–104. *Nature that heard*, etc. " The prose order of the words here is, 'Nature, that heard such sound thrilling the airy region beneath the hollow round of Cynthia's seat, was now,' etc. ; and the meaning is, 'Nature, on hearing such a sound thrilling through the earth's atmosphere under the concave of the moon's orbit, was now,' etc." (M.).

106. *Its.* The word occurs in only two other instances in Milton's verse : *P. L.* i. 254 and iv. 813. K. says that the latter is a printer's alteration. For Shakespeare's use of *its*, see our ed. of *Tempest*, p. 120 (note on 392), and *Winter's Tale*, p. 172 (note on 178) ; also Abbott's *Gr.* § 228.

107. *Alone.* Of itself, without her aid.

108. *Union.* A trisyllable. See on 66 above.

116. *Unexpressive.* Inexpressible ; as in *Lyc.* 176. Cf. also *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 10 : " The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she ;" and for examples of similar adjectives used passively by Shakespeare, see Abbott's *Gr.* § 3.

117. *Such music*, etc. The stanza is suggested by *Job*, xxxviii. 4–11. Cf. *P. L.* vii. 557 fol.

124. *Weltering.* Rolling. Cf. *Lyc.* 13.

125. *Ring out, ye crystal spheres.* An allusion to the " music of the spheres," or that made by the motion of the crystalline spheres of the Ptolemaic astronomy. Milton wrote an academic oration on the subject (*De Sphærarum Concentu*), perhaps at about the same time with this ode.

For the notion that human ears are too dull to perceive this harmony, cf. *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 60 fol.; and for other allusions to the music of the spheres in Shakespeare, see *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 6, *T. N.* iii. 1. 121, and *A. and C.* v. 2. 84.

131. *Ninefold harmony.* The nine spheres of the system, as here referred to, were those of the seven planets (the moon, Mercury, Venus, the sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn), with that of the stars, and the *primum mobile*, which gave motion to the whole. A tenth sphere, "the crystalline heaven," was added in the later phase of the theory.

132. *Consort.* Literally, fellowship (Latin *consortium*, from *consors*). It must not be confounded with *concert*, which we should now use in a passage like this. Cf. *F. Q.* iii. 1. 40:

> "And all the while sweet Musicke did divide
> Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
> And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
> Their dainty layes and dulcet melody,
> Ay caroling of love and jollity,
> That wonder was to hear their trim consort."

See also *At a Solemn Music*, 27, where the word is clearly=choir; and *Il Pens.* 145, where it may have that sense, or is perhaps=concert. Shakespeare uses it for a company of musicians in *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 84:

> "Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
> With some sweet consort; to their instruments
> Tune a deploring dump."

Cf. also the play upon the word in *R. and J.* iii. 1. 48:

> "*Tybalt.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.
> *Mercutio.* Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords!"

136. *Speckled.* Covered with plague-spots; a figure in keeping with the *leprous Sin* just below. J. Warton compares the "maculosum nefas" of Horace (*Od.* iv. 5. 22). Shakespeare has *maculate*, opposed to *immaculate*, in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 97; and *maculation* (=stain of inconstancy) in *T. and C.* iv. 4. 66.

141. *Yea, Truth and Justice*, etc. As Astræa was to return to the earth, according to the ancient myth, when the Golden Age should come again. Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* iv. 6: "Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna." Pope, like Milton, connects the idea with the advent of the Messiah:

> "All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
> Returning Justice lift aloft her scale," etc.

143. *Orb'd in a rainbow*, etc. We follow (with B. and M.) the pointing of the ed. of 1673. K. joins *and like glories wearing* with what precedes. The first reading of the passage (ed. of 1645) was:

> "Th' enameld Arras of the Rainbow wearing,
> And Mercy set between," etc.

145. *Sheen.* "Shine" (202 below), brightness. Cf. *Comus*, 893, 1003, etc.

146. *Tissued.* Interwoven; or, perhaps, "variegated" (*Imp. Dict.*).

Down steering. "Directing down their course" (K.).

152. *The bitter cross.* Cf. 1 *Henry IV.* i. 1. 27: "For our advantage on the bitter cross."

154. *So both himself and us to glorify.* K. quotes *John*, xvii. 22.

155. *Ychain'd.* The past participle with the ancient prefix (cf. the German *ge-*); as in *yclept* (from the old *clepe*, which occurs in *Hamlet*, i. 4. 19), etc. Cf. 1 *Thess.* iv. 16.

163. *Session.* A trisyllable. See on 66 above.

168. *Old Dragon.* See *Rev.* xxii. 2, and cf. *Id.* xii. 4.

172. *Swinges.* Lashes; the only instance of the word in Milton. Shakespeare has it seven times in the sense of whip.

173. *The oracles are dumb*, etc. "This was a frequent assertion of the Fathers, who ascribed to the coming of Christ what was the effect of time. They regarded the ancient oracles as having been the inspiration of the devil" (K.).

In this and the following stanzas there is an evident allusion to the story narrated by Plutarch of the shipmaster, who, as he was sailing by the island of Paxa, heard a voice bidding him tell the people at Palodas that the great god Pan was dead; and when he reached that port and delivered the message, loud shrieks and piteous outcries were heard. This is related in the *Glosse* on Spenser's *Shep. Kal.* May, where Milton might have seen it, if not in Plutarch.

183. *A voice of weeping*, etc. Warton cites *Matt.* ii. 18 and *Jer.* xxxi. 15.

185. *Poplar pale.* The white poplar.

187. *Flower-inwoven tresses.* Cf. *Comus*, 862.

191. *Lars and Lemures.* Ghosts and goblins. The *Lares* were properly ancestral spirits worshipped as household gods; while the term *Lemures* was applied to ghosts in general. In Milton's time, however, the words had come to be loosely used as nearly synonymous. *Lemures* is a dissyllable.

194. *Flamens.* Here used in a general way for priests. *Quaint*=curious, elaborate.

195. *The chill marble seems to sweat.* A prodigy not unfrequently noted by ancient writers. Cf. Virgil, *Geor.* i. 480: "Et maestum illacrimat templis ebur, aeraque sudant."

197. *Peor and Baalim.* The latter word is a plural of *Baal*, and used for Phenician deities in general. Cf. *Judges*, ii. 11. *Peor*, or *Baal-peor* (*Numbers*, xxv. 3, *Psa.* cvi. 28, etc.) was one of these gods.

199. *That twice-batter'd god of Palestine.* Dagon. Cf. 1 *Sam.* v. 3, 4. See also *P. L.* i. 457 fol.

200. *Ashtaroth.* See *P. L.* i. 438:

> "Astoreth, whom the Phenicians called
> Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
> To whose bright image, nightly by the moon,
> Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs," etc.

Cf. also *Judges*, ii. 13, x. 6. K. says that Milton seems to have taken the idea of her being heaven's *mother* from Selden, *De Diis Syriis*, for it does not occur in Scripture.

203. *Hammon.* The Egyptian god Hammon or Ammon, who was represented with the horns of a ram.

204. *Thammuz.* A Syrian love-god, said to have been killed by a wild-boar, and yearly mourned by women. His worship spread into Greece, where he became identified with Adonis. Cf. *Ezek.* viii. 14. See also *P. L.* i. 446:

> "Thammuz came next behind,
> Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
> The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
> In amorous ditties all a summer's day," etc.

205. *Moloch.* See *Levit.* xviii. 21, 1 *Kings*, xi. 7, 2 *Sam.* xii. 26 fol., *Judges*, xi. 12 fol., etc. B. quotes the account of the valley of Tophet in Sandys's *Travels:* "Therein the Hebrews sacrificed their children to Moloch, an idol of brass, having the head of a calf, the rest of a kingly figure with arms extended to receive the miserable sacrifice seared to death with his burning embracements. For the idol was hollow within, and filled with fire; and lest their lamentable shrieks should sad the heart of their parents, the priests of Moloch did deaf their ears with the continual clang of trumpets and timbrels." Cf. also *P. L.* i. 392 fol.

209. *Grisly.* Grim, horrible; as in *Comus*, 603, etc.

212. *Isis and Orus*, etc. *Osiris* was the Nile-god, afterwards the sun-god. *Isis*, his wife, the goddess of the earth, came to be associated with the moon. *Orus*, or *Horus*, was the son of Osiris. *Anubis* was originally the dog, as *Apis* was the bull. Milton here seems to confound Apis and Osiris, though the *chest* (in which Osiris was shut up and thrown into the Nile) belongs to the latter god.

214. *Memphian grove or green.* The fields surrounding the Egyptian Memphis. *Unshower'd* refers to the comparatively rainless climate. B. quotes Cowley's *Sleep:*

> "The fate of Egypt I sustain,
> And never feel the dew of rain."

220. *Sable-stoled.* Black-robed. Cf. *Il Pens.* 35.

223. *Eyne.* The old plural of *eye*, used for the rhyme; the only instance of the form in Milton. Cf. *shoon* in *Comus*, 635.

226. *Typhon.* The Greek name of the Egyptian Set or Suti, a brother of Osiris, to whom he became an enemy. He is represented in various forms, sometimes as a crocodile. *Not* is here = not even.

227. *Our Babe*, etc. "The *snaky twine* suggests the infant Hercules strangling serpents in his cradle" (M.).

229. *The sun in bed.* This expression suggests the sunset, but as we go on we see that the sunrise is meant.

231. *Orient.* Eastern; not "bright," as K. explains it.

232. *The flocking shadows*, etc. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 380:

> "And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
> At whose approach ghosts wandering here and there
> Troop home to churchyards; damned spirits all,
> That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
> Already to their wormy beds have gone."

234. *Several.* Separate. Cf. *Comus*, 25. *Fetter'd* = bound to return.

236. *The night-steeds.* That draw the chariot of Night. Cf. *Comus*, 553. M. takes it to be a reference to nightmares, or "night-hags," and compares *P. L.* ii. 662:

> "Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
> In secret, riding through the air she comes,
> Lur'd with the smell of infant blood," etc.

240. *Youngest-teemed.* Latest-born; referring to the Star of Bethlehem.

241. *Hath fix'd*, etc. Has come to rest, after leading the wise men to Bethlehem.

243. *Courtly.* Now the palace of "the Son of Heaven's eternal King."

244. *Bright-harness'd.* In bright armour. Cf. *Exod.* xiii. 18.

EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE.

These lines, written in 1630, were first printed in the second folio edition of Shakespeare's works (1632), where they have the title given in the text. The author's name is not given there, and we do not find them ascribed to him until he included them in the 1645 ed. of his poems, where they are entitled "On Shakespear" and dated 1630. So far as we know, this was the first composition of Milton's that appeared in print.

1. *What.* For what, why; a common use of *what* in that day. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1. 123: "What need we any spur but our own cause? *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 31: "What shall I need to draw my sword?" etc. Some editors, not understanding this, have put an interrogation-point at the end of the line.

4. *Star-ypointing.* Pointing to the stars. The *y-* was properly prefixed only to the past participle. See on *Nativ.* 155. Chaucer, however, has "a swerd yhanging by a thred" (see Oliphant's *New English*, vol. i. p. 125), which Milton may have had in mind. Some would read "starry-pointing," but there is no reason to suspect a misprint in the early eds.

8. *Livelong.* The 1632 reading is "lasting."

10. *And that.* The full construction would be "For whilst [that] . . . and [whilst] that," etc. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 84:

> "If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
> You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
> With any but with us."

See Abbott's *Gr.* § 285, and cf. 287.

12. *Delphic.* Inspired by Apollo. B. explains the word as "oracular," and compares "Delphian" in Wotton's letter on *Comus*.

14. *Dost make us marble*, etc. Cf. *Il. Pens.* 42. As M. notes, the *us* is emphatic: "we, Shakespeare's readers, are the true marble of his tomb or monument."

15. *Sepulchred.* The accent is on the second syllable; as in the three instances in which Shakespeare uses the verb (*R. of L.* 805, *T. G. of V.* iv.

2. 118, and *Lear*, ii. 4. 134). The noun had the modern accent, but we find *sepúlchre* in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 196. Cf. *Comus*, 471, and *S. A.* 102; the only instances of the noun in Milton's verse, as the present is the only one of the verb.

EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

This poem was written in 1631, the death of the noble lady to whom it refers—Jane, wife of John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester—having occurred on the 15th of April in that year. How Milton came to be interested in the event is not known.

3. *A viscount's daughter*, etc. She was the daughter of Thomas, Viscount Savage, of Rock-Savage, Cheshire, by his wife Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Thomas Darcy, Earl of Rivers.

7. *Summers three times eight save one*, etc. The lady had *told* (numbered) twenty-three years when she died. See on *L'All.* 67.

13. *Nature and Fate*, etc. That is, Fate would have prolonged her life to the natural limit, instead of cutting it short, as if in *strife* with *Nature*.

15–24. *Her high birth . . . lovely son.* A contemporaneous MS. copy of this poem in the British Museum, mentioned by M. (vol. ii. p. 202), reads:

> "Seven times had the yearlie starre
> In every signe sett upp his carr
> Since for her they did request
> The god that sitts at marriage feast,
> When first the earlie matrons runne
> To greet her of her lovelie sonne.
> And now," etc.

17. *The virgin quire.* The bride's-maids, who *invoke* the presence of Hymen at her nuptials.

19. *He . . . came*, etc. Cf. Ovid, *Met.* x. 4:

> "Adfuit ille quidem; sed nec solemnia verba,
> Nec laetos voltus, nec felix attulit omen;
> Fax quoque quam tenuit lacrimoso stridula fumo
> Utque fuit, nullosque invenit motibus ignes."

22. *A cypress-bud.* Twined with the marriage *garland* as a funereal omen.

24. *Son.* Afterwards Charles, Duke of Bolton.

26. *Lucina.* The Roman goddess of childbirth.

28. *Atropos.* The Fate that "slits the thin-spun life" (*Lyc.* 76).

32. *Yet not.* M. has "not yet;" apparently a misprint, as there is no note upon the reading.

33. *Languish'd.* Used causatively or actively. Cf. *Coriolanus*, i. 9. 6:

> "Where ladies shall be frighted,
> And, gladly quak'd [made to quake], hear more."

For other examples, see Abbott's *Gr.* § 374.

35. *Slip.* Plant. The whole plant is pulled up by the careless swain in attempting to pluck a flower.

48. *Have.* This is one of the English words that have no perfect rhyme; but Milton follows Shakespeare in rhyming it with *grave.* Cf. *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 280:

> "Quiet consummation have,
> And renowned be thy grave."

50. *Seize.* "In the peculiar legal sense of 'to put one in possession of'" (M.).

55. *Here be tears*, etc. Referring to the elegiac verses by Ben Jonson, Davenant, and others, written on the death of this lady, who is, however, sometimes confounded with another Marchioness of Winchester that died in 1614.

For *be* = are, cf. *Comus*, 960; and see Abbott's *Gr.* § 300.

56. *Wept.* The early eds. have "Weept."

Helicon is here used in its proper sense of the mountain-range in Bœotia sacred to the Muses. It is often applied to the fountain Aganippe associated with the same locality.

57. *And some flowers*, etc. This implies that other tributes than this of Milton's were sent from Cambridge; but what these may have been is not now known.

58. *Hearse.* M. says that this is not used in our sense of a carriage for the dead, but in the older meaning of a tomb or framework over a tomb; but *to strew the ways* favours the former. B. suggests that *For* should perhaps be "Fore," but no change is called for. For the modern sense of *hearse* (perhaps the only one in Shakespeare), cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 2:

> "Set down, set down your honourable load,
> If honour may be shrouded in a hearse," etc.

For the other, see Ben Jonson's *Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke:*

> "Underneath this sable herse
> Lies the subject of all verse," etc.

59. *Came.* Camus, or the Cam. Cf. *Lyc.* 103.

63. *That fair Syrian shepherdess.* Rachel. See *Gen.* xxix., xxx., and xxxv. 16–20.

73. *Sheen.* Cf. *Nativ.* 145.

74. *But now a Queen.* Jonson, in his *Elegy*, has a similar idea, as K. notes:

> "Beholds her Maker, and in him doth see
> What the beginnings of all beauties be,
> And all beatitudes which thence do flow;
> Which *they that have the crown* are sure to know."

Todd fancies that there is a reference to Anne Boleyn's last message to Henry VIII., thanking him for making her first a marchioness, then a queen, and finally a saint in heaven.

ON TIME.

These lines, as the early draft in Milton's own hand states, were written "to be set on a clock-case." The date is probably 1630.

3. *The heavy plummet's pace.* K. and B. take the *plummet* to be the pendulum; but M. is probably right in making it the *weight* of the clock.

4. *Womb.* In the old sense of belly. Cf. Falstaff's speech in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 25: "My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me." Wiclif's Bible, in *Luke*, xv. 16, has, "he coveted to fill his womb of the cods that the hogs did eat."

9. *Whenas.* When; often printed as two words. Cf. Shakespeare, *Sonn.* 49. 3: "Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum," etc.

12. *Individual.* Indivisible, inseparable; as in *P. L.* iv. 486: "Henceforth an individual solace dear." Cf. *dividual* in *Id.* vii. 382 and xii. 85.

18. *Happy-making sight.* The "beatific vision." Cf. *P. L.* iii. 62:

> "and from his sight receiv'd
> Beatitude past utterance."

21. *Attir'd with stars.* Probably=crowned with stars, as K. explains it, rather than clothed with stars, as Warton and others have made it. Cf. *Lev.* xvi. 4 and *Ezek.* iii. 15, and see *Imp. Dict.* s. v. Addison (*Tatler*, No. 110) has "certain attire, made either of cambric, muslin, or other linen, on her head." For *tire* in the sense of head-dress, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 13: "I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner," etc.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

The title, as M. remarks, is equivalent to "At a Concert of Sacred Music." The poem was probably written in 1630. Three early drafts in Milton's hand are among the Cambridge MSS.

2. *Sphere-born.* We have no doubt that here, as in *Comus*, 241, where Echo is called "daughter of the sphere," the word *sphere* is equivalent to air, or *atmosphere*. It is curious that none of the commentators who have puzzled their brains over these passages have suggested this interpretation. Tennyson appears to use *sphere* in a similar sense in *The Princess*, iii. 90:

> "The dove may murmur of the dove, but I
> An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere;"

that is, to the upper air. See our ed. of the poem, p. 163, where we have quoted these passages of Milton in support of this explanation.

3. *Wed your divine sounds*, etc. The following variations are found in the early drafts of the poem:

"Mixe your choise words, and happiest sense employ,
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce;
And as [whilst] your equal raptures, temper'd sweet,
In high misterious [holie] [happie] spousale meet;
Snatch us from earth a while,
Us of ourselves, and native [home-bred] woes beguile,
And to our high-rays'd," etc.

4. *Pierce.* For the rhyme, cf. *L'All.* 138. B. says: "Perhaps *pierce* was once pronounced *perse*, for Chaucer has *persaunt* and Spenser *persant*." He might also have cited the play upon *pierce* and *person* in Shakespeare, *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 86, and that on *pierce* and *Percy* in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 59. In *Rich. II.* v. 3. 127, *pierce* rhymes with *rehearse*. It is not clear, however, what was then the sound of *er*, *eir*, *ear*, etc.

6. *Concent.* Singing together; from the Latin *concentus*. The ed. of 1645 has "content," which B. retains in the text.

7. *Sapphire-colour'd throne.* Cf. *Ezek.* i. 26.

10. *Where the bright seraphim*, etc. Cf. *Rev.* v. 11, vii. 9. For *burning* the early drafts have "tripled" and "princely."

11. *Their loud*, etc. The early drafts have "immortal" for *uplifted;* also "Loud symphonie of silver trumpets" and "High lifted, loud, and angel trumpets."

12. *And the Cherubic host*, etc. An early draft has "and Cherubim, sweet-winged squires."

13. *Golden wires.* Cf. *Vac. Ex.* 38.

14. *Wear victorious palms.* K. says that *wear* should be "bear." See *Rev.* vii. 9, cited above. Spenser, however, has *wear* in this sense, though evidently for the sake of the rhyme, in *Shep. Kal.* April, 104:

"Bene they not Bay braunches which they do beare,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?"

An early draft has:

"With those just Spirits that wear the blooming palms,
Hymns devout and sacred psalms,
Singing everlastingly;
While all the starry roundes and arches blue
Resound and echo Hallelu:
That we on earth," etc.

18. *Noise.* See on *Nativ.* 97. K. explains it here as "chorus, symphony, band;" a sense the word has in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 13: "See if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music." Cf. Ben Jonson, *Silent Woman*, iii. 4: "You must get us music too. Call us in a cleanly noise."

After this line an early draft adds:

"By leaving out those harsh, ill-sounding [chromatick] jarres
Of clamorous sin that all our musick marres;
And in our lives and in our song
May keep in tune," etc.

19. *Did.* An early reading is "could."

23. *Diapason.* Harmony; literally, the concord of the octave.

27. *Consort.* See on *Nativ.* 132.

28. *To live with Him*, etc. Early readings are:

"To live and sing with him in ever endless light.
" " " " " " " glorious "
" " " " " " " uneclipsed "
" " " " " " where day dwells without night.
" " " " " " in endless morn of light.
" " " " " " in cloudless birth of light.
" " " " " " in never parting light."

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

The date of this little poem is uncertain. M. thinks it may be 1630; K. puts it in the period of Milton's residence at Horton (1632–1638).

As M. remarks, some phrases in the piece—such as "*day's harbinger*," "*comes dancing*," "*green lap*," "*pale primrose*," etc.—"belong to the traditional diction of poetry, and are found in poets older than Milton." The commentators have illustrated this by many superfluous quotations. Spenser, for example, describes May (*F. Q.* vii. 7. 34) as "throwing flowers out of her lap around;" and Phœbus (*F. Q.* i. 5. 2), who "Came dauncing forth," etc.

L'ALLEGRO.

L'Allegro and *Il Penseroso* are companion pieces, and were probably written during his residence at Horton. The question of their date has been much discussed, but cannot be said to have been settled. Attempts have been made to identify the scenery with that of Forest Hill near Oxford, but its main features accord as well with that of Horton. But, as M. remarks, "it is a mistaken notion of the poems, and a somewhat crude notion, to suppose that they must contain a transcript of the scenery of any one place, even the place where they were written." He adds: "That place (and we are inclined to think it was Horton) may have shed its influence over the poems; but the purpose of the poet was not to describe actual scenery, but to represent two *moods*, and to do so by making each mood move, as it were, amid circumstances and adjuncts akin to it and nutritive of it. Hence the scenery is visionary scenery, made up of eclectic recollections from various spots blended into one ideal landscape. It is, indeed, the exquisite fitness with which circumstances are chosen or invented—or, let us rather say, passively occurred to the poet—in true poetic affinity with the two moods, that makes the poems so beautiful, and secures them, while the English language lasts, against the possibility of being forgotten."

L'Allegro is not the "merry man," as the title is often translated, but rather the cheerful man—"an educated youth, like Milton himself, in a mood of light cheerfulness." So *Il Penseroso* is not the "melancholy man," but the thoughtful man -"the same youth, but in a mood more serious."

2. *Cerberus.* The three-headed canine janitor of the infernal regions. In the classical mythology Erebus is the husband of Night; but Milton, like the ancient poets, varies the genealogy to suit his purpose.

3. *Stygian.* The adjective derived from "Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate" (*P. L.* ii. 577), one of the four infernal rivers.

6. *Jealous.* Warburton supposes an allusion "to the watch which fowls keep when they are sitting."

7. *The night-raven.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 84: "I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief; I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it."

9. *Ragged.* Common in early writers in the sense of rugged. Cf. Shakespeare, *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 121: "Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock;" 2 *Hen. IV.* ind. 35: "And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone," etc. See also *Isa.* ii. 21. So *rugged* often = ragged; as in *Lyc.* 93.

10. *Cimmerian.* Homer, in the *Odyssey* (xi. 14), describes the land of the Cimmerians as shrouded in perpetual gloom.

11. *Fair and free.* A familiar combination in the old ballads; as, for example, in *Sir Eglamour:* "The erle's daughter fair and free," etc. *Free* has been variously explained as = frank, graceful, affable, and artless.

12. *Yclept.* Used by Milton only here. See on *Nativ.* 155.

Euphrosyne (Mirth) was one of the three Graces, *Aglaia* (Brightness) and *Thalia* (Bloom) being the others. Warburton, followed by Todd Mitford, and sundry others, says that the "sister Graces" were "Meat and Drink"!

17. *As some sager sing.* Some eds. misprint "sages." The expression is merely intended to cover Milton's own invention of a genealogy more to his taste than the ancient one. No trace of it is to be found in any classical authority. It is equally beautiful and appropriate here.

22. *Fresh-blown roses, wash'd in dew.* Cf. Shakespeare, *T. of S.* ii. 1. 174: "As morning roses newly wash'd with dew."

24. *Buxom.* Originally, flexible, yielding; then, cheerful, lively—which seems to be its meaning here. Shakespeare uses the word only in *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 27 (Pistol's speech): "of buxom valour." It occurs also in *Pericles*, prol. 23 (not Shakespeare's): "So buxom, blithe, and full of face." For the early sense of yielding, see *P. L.* ii. 842: "the buxom air," which occurs also in *F. Q.* i. 11. 37; and for that of obedient, *Id.* iii. 2. 23: "Of them that to him buxome are and prone." Milton uses the word only twice.

Debonair (*de bonne air*) had much the same meaning as *buxom.* "It is a favourite word with the old Romancers" (M.).

27. *Quips and cranks*, etc. A *quip* is a smart repartee. Rich. quotes Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe* (iii. 2), where it is defined as "a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word." A *crank*, as the name implies, is some odd turn of speech.

28. *Wreathed.* "Because in a smile the features are *wreathed* or curled, twisted" (Warton). For *Hebe*, cf. *Comus*, 290.

33. *Come, and trip it*, etc. Cf. *Tempest*, iv. 1. 45: "Each one tripping on his toe." See also *Comus*, 143.

40. *Unreproved.* Not to be reproved, innocent; as in *F. Q.* ii. 7. 16:

"and unreproved truth." Cf. *unavoided* = unavoidable, in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 217; *imagined* = imaginable, in *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 4. 52, etc. See Abbott's *Gr.* § 375.

44. *Dappled dawn.* Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 3. 27:

> "and look, the gentle day,
> Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
> Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray."

45. *Then to come*, etc. Some of the editors have taken this as referring to the *lark*, and have found fault with Milton because the bird never comes to people's windows in that way; but *to come* is perhaps in the same construction as *to live* and *to hear* in the preceding lines. B. explains the passage thus: "Awakened by the lark, the poet, after listening to that early song, arises to give a blithe good-morrow at his window. Other matin sounds are heard, and he goes forth," etc. M., on the other hand, assumes that he is already out of doors. He says: "Milton, or whoever the imaginary speaker is, asks Mirth to admit him to her company and that of the nymph Liberty, and to let him enjoy the pleasures natural to such companionship. He then goes on to specify such pleasures, or to give examples of them. The first is that of the sensations of early morning, when, walking round a country cottage, one hears the song of the mounting skylark, welcoming the signs of sunrise. The second is that of coming to the cottage window, looking in, and bidding a cheerful good-morrow through the sweet-briar, vine, or eglantine, to those of the family who are also early astir." We prefer this exegesis to the other. It does not seem to us that the poet is in bed when he hears the lark; and he would hardly use *come* of going to the window to bid good-morrow to anybody or anything outside. But *come* may refer to the lark after all.

In spite of sorrow is probably = in defiance of sorrow or melancholy. M. thinks there may possibly be "a subtle reference to some recent grief that had been in the special cottage in view."

47. *The sweet-briar*, etc. The *sweet-briar* and the *eglantine* are now English names for the same plant (*Rosa rubigenosa*); but K. and M. agree that by the *eglantine* Milton means the dog-rose (*Rosa canina*). Warton takes it to be the honeysuckle.

53. *Oft listening*, etc. "Here the poet passes on to a new pleasure, or a prolongation of the former. He has been looking round about the cottage or farmhouse, listening to the cock crowing or watching him strutting to the stack or barn-door; and now, sauntering in its neighbourhood, he hears from the hillside, and echoing through the wood, the horn of the early huntsman, out with the hounds" (M.).

57. *Not unseen.* "Happy men love witnesses of their joy" (Hurd). Cf. *Il Pens.* 65.

59. *The eastern gate.* Cf. Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 391:

> "Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
> Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
> Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams."

60. *His state.* "His stately progress" (K.).

61. *Dight.* Decked, adorned. Cf. *Il Pens.* 159.

67. *Tells his tale.* B. follows Warton in making this = "counts his sheep." Cf. *tale* in *Exod.* v. 8, etc. M. thinks this "*may* be right, the rather because counting the sheep was a morning occupation for each shepherd, whereas one can hardly fancy shepherds met under a hawthorn and telling stories to each other so early in the day." Still he considers that the other interpretation "may be defended." K. lays much stress on the fact that when *tell* and *tale* are thus combined "the almost invariable meaning is to narrate something." Occasionally *tell a tale* has the sense of "taking account of, paying attention to;" as in Chaucer, *Nonnes Prestes Tale:*

> "And therefore little tale hath he told
> Of any dream, so holy was his heart."

K. adds: "The image in the poet's mind may have been the same as in *Nativ.* 85 fol., and in both cases he may have thought of Virgil's 'Forte sub arguta,' etc. (*Ecl.* vii.)." It is not easy to decide between the two interpretations, but we incline to this latter one.

70. *Landscape.* The early eds. have "lantskip," and some modern ones print "landskip."

71. *Lawns.* See on *Nativ.* 85.

73. *Mountains.* There are no mountains near Horton, and Milton had seen none when he wrote this poem.

75. *Daisies pied.* That is, variegated. Cf. Shakespeare, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 904: "When daisies pied and violets blue," etc.

77. *Towers and battlements.* Perhaps those of Windsor Castle, some four miles west of Horton. K. says that this can hardly be, as the castle "towers on an eminence far above its silvan girdle;" but we should say that from some points in the vicinity it appears as here described. So striking a feature of the Horton landscape would be likely to be included in the poetic picture. The reference to the *beauty* that follows would, however, suggest some baronial mansion rather than the royal residence.

79. *Lies.* Lodges, resides; as often in our old writers. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 299: "When I lay at Clement's Inn," etc. How completely this sense of the word was "dissociated" from that which now survives is illustrated by a quaint passage in Holinshed, who says of Edward Balliol after his expulsion from Scotland, "After this he went and laie a time with the Lady of Gines, that was his kinswoman."

80. *Cynosure.* Pole-star. The word literally means *dog's-tail* (κυνὸς οὐρά), and was applied to the constellation Ursa Minor when it was regarded as a dog instead of a bear. Cf. Ovid, *Fasti*, iii. 107:

> "Esse duas Arctos, quarum Cynosura petatur
> Sidoniis, Helicen Graia carina notet."

83. *Corydon and Thyrsis.* The "stock-names" of Greek pastoral poetry, borrowed by the English poets as by their Latin predecessors.

89. *Or, if the earlier season lead,* etc. Some editors omit the commas, making the next line dependent on *lead.* With the pointing in the text, "she goes" or "they go" is understood before what follows.

91. *Secure.* In its original sense of "free from care" (Latin *securus*). B. quotes Quarles, *Enchiridion:* "The way to be safe is not to be se-

cure;" and Ben Jonson, *Epode*. "Men may securely sin, but safely never."

94. *Rebecks.* A kind of fiddle. In *Romeo and Juliet* (iv. 5) Hugh Rebeck is one of the three musicians. Warton says he is "the fiddler," but we find no evidence of this in the text. No argument can be based upon his name, as Simon Catling (=catgut) is a piper, and James Soundpost the "singer." Rebeck is probably a piper, as Catling says, "*We* may put up *our* pipes," etc.

97. *Come.* The past participle.

98. *Sunshine holiday.* Cf. *Comus*, 959. In *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 221 we have "sunshine days;" and in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 187, "a sunshine day."

100. *Spicy nut-brown ale.* The wassail-bowl of ale, warmed, sweetened, and spiced, with roasted crab-apples floating in it. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 46:

> "And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
> In very likeness of a roasted crab,
> And when she drinks against her lips I bob
> And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale;"

and the old anonymous play of *Henry V.*:

> "Yet we will have in store a crab in the fire,
> With nut-brown ale that is full stale."

102. *Fairy Mab.* See Mercutio's familiar description of her in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1. 4. 53 fol.

Junkets. Curds sweetened and flavoured, or similar preparations of milk and cream; originally so called from the rushes (Ital. *giunchi*) in which such cheeses were wrapped. We have heard *junket* used in this old sense in a New England country town.

103. *She.* In the demonstrative sense (=this maid), referring to one of the company. *He* in the next line is similarly used. Cf. Ben Jonson's description of Mab in *The Satyr*:

> "She that pinches country wenches
> If they rub not clean their benches," etc.

See also Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

> "These make our girls their sluttery rue
> By pinching them both black and blue,
> And put a penny in their shoe
> The house for cleanly sweeping;"

and Shakespeare, *Merry Wives*, v. 5. 48:

> "Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,
> There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;
> Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery."

104. *And he, by Friar's lantern led*, etc. The ed. of 1673 reads: "And by the Friar's lantern led;" which is probably a misprint.

The *Friar* is the Friar Rush of the Fairy mythology, whom the poet seems here to identify with Jack-o'-the-Lanthorn, or Will-o'-the-Wisp, the luminous phenomenon sometimes seen in marshy places. K. says that Friar Rush "haunted houses, not fields, and was never the same with Jack-o'-the-Lanthorn."

105. *The drudging goblin.* Robin Goodfellow, the Puck of Shakespeare. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 40:

> "Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
> You do their work, and they shall have good luck."

Burton (*Anat. of Melancholy*, i. 2) says: "A bigger kind there is of them [fairies], called with us Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows, that would, in those superstitious times, grind corn for a mess of milk," etc. Cf. *The Pranks of Puck*, ascribed to Ben Jonson:

> "Yet now and then, the maids to please,
> I card at midnight up their wool;
> And while they sleep and take their ease,
> With wheel to thread their flax I pull:
> I grind at mill
> Their malt up still,
> I dress their hemp, I spin their tow;
> If any wake,
> And would me take,
> I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho!"

Reginald Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, says: "Your grandame's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight," etc.

110. *The lubber fiend.* In the *M. N. D.* (ii. 1. 16) the fairy addresses Puck as "thou lob of spirits." He might seem so to his dainty little critic, but he is a far more delicate conception than Milton's "lubber fiend," who is rather, as M. puts it, "the genuine uncultured Robin Goodfellow of the rustics themselves." For *lies*, see on *Passion*, 21.

115. *To bed they creep.* Somewhat reluctantly and timidly after the stories of fairies and goblins.

117. *Then.* "When the rustics, with their early habits, are asleep, and the pall of darkness comes over the country fields, the mood of L'Allegro, the educated youth who could still prolong his waking hours with fit employment, transfers itself to cities and *their* objects of interest. Observe, it is the *mood* that is transferred, not the youth in person. The rest of the poem may be taken as describing the evening reveries, readings, and other recreations of the imaginary youth in his country-cottage after his morning's walk and afternoon among the rustics" (M.).

120. *Weeds of peace.* For *weeds* in the old sense of garments in general, cf. *Comus*, 16, 84, 390, etc. See also Shakespeare, *T. and C.* iii. 3. 239: "To see great Hector in his weeds of peace," etc.

Triumphs=shows, tournaments. Cf. Bacon's *Essay*, "On Masks and Triumphs," in which he includes under the latter head "justs and tourneys," etc. See also *Rich. II.* v. 2. 52: "What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?" and the reference to the same tournaments in the next scene (v. 3. 13) as "these triumphs held at Oxford;" and 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 31:

> "Or one that at a triumph having vow'd
> To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
> By reason of his adversary's odds."

121. *Store.* Often used of persons in former times. Sidney, for exam-

ple (*Astrophel and Stella*), has "store of faire ladies," and Spenser (*F. Q.* v. 3. 2), "Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store."

121. *Whose bright eyes*, etc. The *eyes* are compared to stars, as the astrological *influence* shows. See on *Nativ.* 71; and cf. *Comus*, 336, *P. L.* iv. 669, vii. 375, viii. 513, ix. 107, x. 662, etc.

125. *There let Hymen oft appear*, etc. As he was often introduced in the masques performed in honour of a marriage. Cf. the introduction to Ben Jonson's *Hymenæi*, written for the marriage of the Earl of Essex in 1606: "On the other hand entered HYMEN (the god of marriage) in a saffron-colour'd robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a torch of pine-tree." See also *As You Like It*, v. 4. 103, fol.

127. *Pomp.* Probably used in its original sense of a solemn procession. Cf. *S. A.* 1312.

132. *Jonson's learned sock.* The *sock*, or low-heeled shoe, is the emblem of comedy, as the *buskin*, or high-heeled shoe, of tragedy. Cf. *Il Pens.* 102. The *learned* is appropriate to the scholarly Ben.

133. *Sweetest Shakespeare.* The critics who have found fault with this characterization of Shakespeare as inadequate appear to have forgotten that it is his *comedies*, and especially the rural comedies—like *A. Y. L.* for example—that are referred to, and from the point of view of *L'Allegro*, who goes to the theatre as on his morning walk, for innocent recreation, not as a dramatic critic. Milton's high estimate of Shakespeare is sufficiently shown in his *Epitaph*, written some years earlier.

135. *Eating cares.* The "mordaces sollicitudines" of Horace (*Od.* i. 18. 4) or his "curas edaces" (*Od.* ii. 11. 18).

136. *Lap.* Wrap, enfold; as in *Comus*, 257. Cf. *Macbeth*, i. 2. 54: "Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof;" *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 360:

> "he, sir, was lapp'd
> In a most curious mantle," etc.

The *Lydian* music was soft and sweet. Cf. Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*, 97:

> "Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
> Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures."

137. *Married*, etc. Cf. *Sol. Mus.* 3; and Shakespeare, *Sonn.* 8. 4:

> "If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
> By unions married, do offend thine ear," etc.

138. *Pierce.* For the rhyme, see on *Sol. Mus.* 4.

139. *Bout.* Turn; as in *F. Q.* i. 1. 15: "Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound," etc.

141. *With wanton heed*, etc. "The adjectives describe the appearance, the nouns the reality" (B.).

145. *That.* So that; as often in the English of that day. See Abbott's *Gr.* § 283.

Heave his head. Cf. *Comus*, 885.

146. *Golden slumber.* Cf. the "golden sleep" of *Romeo and Juliet*, ii.

3. 38 and 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 3. 44, and the "golden dew of sleep" of *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 84. The metaphoric use of *golden* (=precious, excellent) is familiar enough.

149. *Quite.* Opposed to the "*half*-regained" below.

For other allusions to *Orpheus*, see *Il Pens.* 105 and *Lyc.* 58. Cf. also *P. L.* iii. 17: "With other notes than to the Orphean lyre."

IL PENSEROSO.

"The studied antithesis of *Il Penseroso* and *L'Allegro* throughout declares itself in the opening thirty lines, which exactly match and counterpoise the first four-and-twenty lines of *L'Allegro.* So closely is the one poem framed on the model of the other that it would be impossible to say, on mere internal evidence, which was written first" (M.).

2. *Without father.* And therefore "all mother," as we say, or pure folly.

3. *Bestead.* Avail, or stand one in stead; the only instance of the word in Milton's verse. Spenser uses it often in the sense of situated (as in *F. Q.* i. 1. 24: "Thus ill bestedd," etc.), treated, attended, beset, and the like. Rich. gives an example of the present meaning from Sir F. Drake, *West India Voyage:* "it did very greatly bestead us in the whole course of our voyage."

4. *The fixed mind.* Cf. *P. L.* i. 97: "that fix'd mind." See also *F. Q.* iv. 7. 16: "Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove."

6. *Fond.* Foolish; as in *Comus*, 67, *Lyc.* 56, *S. A.* 812, etc. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1. 39:

> "Be not fond
> To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood," etc.

10. *Pensioners*, etc. Retinue. In the only two instances of the word in Shakespeare (*M. N. D.* ii. 1. 10: "The cowslips tall her pensioners be;" and *Merry Wives*, ii. 2. 79: "and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners," etc.) there is an allusion to Queen Elizabeth's band of military courtiers called *pensioners*, who were the handsomest and tallest young men of good family that could be found. From this use of the word it came to have the more general sense of which the present passage is an example.

14. *Hit.* Meet, encounter. Cf. *Arcades*, 77. B. quotes Shakespeare, *A. and C.* ii. 2. 217: "A strange invisible perfume hits the sense," etc.

18. *Prince Memnon's sister.* Memnon, son of Tithonus and Aurora, and king of Ethiopia, became an ally of the Trojans and was slain by Achilles. He was "black but comely" (*Odyss.* xi. 522), and his sister might be supposed to be even more beautiful. Trench remarks that Milton did not, as some have asserted, invent the sister. Her name was Hemera, and she is mentioned by Dictys Cretensis.

19. *That starr'd Ethiop queen.* Cassiope, wife of Cepheus, and mother of Andromeda, who boasted herself as fairer than the Nereids. It was to appease their anger at the insult that Andromeda was exposed to

the sea-monster, from which she was rescued by Perseus. Cassiope, like her husband and daughter, was placed among the stars. Milton probably assumed that she was black because she was an Ethiopian.

21. *Sea-Nymphs.* K. prints this as a possessive, *praise* being understood.

23. *Thee bright-hair'd Vesta*, etc. Milton invents a genealogy for Melancholy, as for Mirth. That the *solitary Saturn* should be made her father is natural enough, but the selection of Vesta as her mother is not so easily explained. Warton identifies her with Genius, and supposes Milton to mean that Melancholy is the daughter of Solitude and Genius—or "Retirement and Culture," as B. puts it. M. remarks: "One remembers, however, that Vesta was the goddess of the sacred eternal fire that could be tended only by vowed virginity; and here one is on the track of a peculiarly Miltonic idea. See *Comus*, 783–789, *Elegia VI.* 55–66, and a famous autobiographic passage in the prose *Apology for Smectymnuus.*"

30. *No fear of Jove.* Alluding to his destined usurpation of his father's throne.

32. *Demure.* Since Milton's day the word has come to suggest a mingling of affectation with the sobriety of demeanour which was then its only meaning. Cf. *F. Q.* ii. 1. 6:

> "His carriage was full comely and upright;
> His countenance demure and temperate," etc.

33. *Grain.* Dye, colour; perhaps, as Mr. G. P. Marsh (*Lect. on Eng. Lang.* p. 65 fol.) argues, the *purple* dye obtained from *granum*, or the prepared *coccus*. So in *P. L.* xi. 242 "grain of Sarra"=purple of Tyre, which city Latin authors sometimes called Sarra. In *P. L.* v. 285, "Skytinctur'd grain," according to Mr. Marsh, is not necessarily azure, for *sky* in old writers "meant clouds, and Milton does not confine its application to the concave blue, but embraces in the epithet all the brighter tints which belong to meteoric phenomena." In *Comus*, 750, *grain* means vermilion, scarlet and purple shades being confounded in modern as in Greek and Latin poetry. *Dyeing in grain* (the colour) came to be confounded with *dyeing in grain* (texture), because grain was a peculiarly fast dye, like one that becomes fixed in the fibre of the fabric. All this is plausible enough, and Mr. Marsh's explanation of *grain* is generally accepted by linguists and lexicographers; but as the other sense of the word was a familiar one in Milton's day, as earlier, we may sometimes be in doubt whether colour or texture is meant in a given passage. In *Comus*, 750, for instance, it is by no means clear that *grain* has the former sense.

35. *Stole.* Evidently not the long robe, like the Roman *stola*, but some kind of scarf worn, like the ecclesiastical stole, over the shoulders. In Spenser, *Colin Clout*, 493, it seems to be a veil:

> "Ne lesse praise-worthie I Theana read,
> Whose goodly beames, though they be overdight
> With mourning stole of carefull wydowhead,
> Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright;"

but in *F. Q.* i. 1. 4, where both K. and B. take it to be a "veil or hood," we are inclined to think the long robe is meant:

> "Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
> Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
> And over all a black stole she did throw;"

that is, as we understand it, over her whole person; certainly *not* over the *veil* covering her face.

In *Nativ.* 220 *sable-stoled* is probably=black-robed, as we have explained it.

Cypress lawn is *crape*, which word is perhaps derived from *Cyprus*, whence the fabric may have been first brought—like *copper*, which the Romans imported from the same island. Skeat and others derive *crape*, through the Fr. *crêpe*, from *crispus*, curled, and regard the old *cypress* (sometimes spelt *cyprus*) as an independent word of doubtful origin. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 221:

> "Lawn as white as driven snow;
> Cypress black as e'er was crow;"

and *Twelfth Night*, iii. 1. 132: "A cypress, not a bosom, hides my poor heart," etc.

36. *Decent.* Probably=comely. Cf. Horace, *Od.* iii. 27. 53: "decentes . . . malas." Warton takes it in its ordinary sense—"decent because covered."

37. *State.* Stately bearing or demeanour. Cf. *L'All.* 60.

39. *Commercing.* Communing; the only instance of the word (verb or noun) in Milton's verse. Cf. the noun in *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 191: "he is now in some commerce with my lady," etc.

53. *The fiery-wheeled throne.* An allusion to *Ezek.* x. "Possibly Milton chose to regard Contemplation as the chief of the four cherubim which *guided* or conveyed that *fiery-wheeled throne*, and he may have meant to hint at the ecstasy, or deep fit of contemplation, incident to the prophetic state productive of such a vision" (K.). "With Milton, as with other writers of his century, *contemplation* was a word of high meaning. It was by the serene faculty named contemplation that one attained the clearest notions of divine things — mounted, as it were, into the very blaze of the Eternal, or the sight of the Throne of God" (M.). *Contemplation* is metrically five syllables.

55. *And the mute Silence hist along.* That is, whisper to her to come along with thee. K. explains thus: "as it were, come stealing along, and crying *hist!*" M. says: "The meaning is 'Move through the mute Silence hushingly, or saying Hush!—that is, telling the Silence to continue—unless the nightingale shall choose to break it by one of her songs.'" This paraphrase seems to confuse the ordinary and the personified senses of *silence*. *Hist along* seems to us simply a concise expression for "Bid her come by whispering *hist!*"

57. *Plight.* Condition, style (now used only of a bad condition); or possibly referring to the involutions of the bird's music. Cf. *F. Q.* ii. 3. 26: "Purfled upon with many a folded plight." See also the verb in *Comus*, 301.

59. *Cynthia.* Cf. *Nativ.* 103. In one of his Latin poems also Milton gives Diana, or Luna, a chariot drawn by dragons:

> "deam
> Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos
> Fraenis dracones aureis."

In the classical mythology, as K. notes, it is only Demeter, or Ceres, that has such a team. Shakespeare twice refers to "dragons" as drawing the chariot of Night (*M. N. D.* iii. 2. 379 and *Cymb.* ii. 2. 48). In *T. and C.* v. 8. 17, "The dragon wing of Night o'erspreads the earth."

60. *The accustom'd oak.* The epithet is apparently suggested by some particular oak above which the moon seemed to linger as the poet watched her—perhaps in front of his chamber-window at Horton, or at some point on one of his favourite evening walks.

61. *Sweet bird*, etc. For other tributes to the nightingale, cf. *Sonn.* 2, *Comus*, 234, 566, *P. L.* iv. 602, 771, and vii. 435.

65. *Unseen.* Preferring the lonely path. Cf. *L'All.* 57.

69. *Had been led.* Some eds. misprint "has been led."

71. *As if her head she bow'd.* Alluding to the familiar optical illusion by which the moon seems to be in motion instead of the clouds that are passing over her face.

74. *The far-off curfew.* The curfew-bell is still rung in some parts of England at eight or nine o'clock in the evening; and in Milton's day it must have been common. Mitford objected to Gray's "The curfew *tolls*," on the ground that the bell was rung, not tolled; but that probably depended, to some extent, on the fancy of the ringer. The present passage is certainly in keeping with Gray's description.

78. *Removed.* Retired, secluded. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. for M.* i. 3. 8: "How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd," etc. "Observe that, whereas in *L'Allegro* the evening indoors did not begin till line 117, or near the end of the poem, here we are indoors at line 77, and three fifths of the poem are yet to come" (M.).

83. *The bellman's drowsy charm.* The watchman, who in Queen Mary's time, according to Stow, "began to go all night with a bell, and at every lane's end, and at the ward's end, gave warning of fire and candle and to help the poor and pray for the dead." Cf. Herrick, *The Bellman:*

> "From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
> From murder, Benedicite!
> From all mischances that may fright
> Your pleasing slumbers in the night,
> Mercy secure ye all, and keep
> The goblin from ye while ye sleep!"

87. *Outwatch the Bear.* That is, sit up all night, as the *Bear* never sets in the latitude of England. Cf. 121 below.

88. *Thrice-great Hermes.* Hermes Trismegistus (of which *thrice-great* is a translation), a fabled king and philosopher of Egypt, to whom certain scientific and other works were ascribed which were really written by the Neo-Platonists. Bacon (quoted by B.) speaks, in the *Adv. of Learning*, of "the triplicity which in great veneration was ascribed to the ancient Hermes; the power and fortune of a king, the knowledge and illu-

mination of a priest, and the learning and universality of a philosopher."

Unsphere. Call back from the sphere in which he now dwells. Cf. *Comus*, 3.

89. *To unfold What worlds*, etc. To discuss the doctrine of immortality, as in the *Phædo*.

91. *Hath forsook.* Cf. *Comus*, 499, and *S. A.* 629. On the other hand, we find *forsaken* in *Lyc.* 142 and *P. L.* v. 878. See on *Arcades*, 4.

93. *Demons that are found*, etc. Plato treats of demons in some of his dialogues; "but this assigning them their abode in the four elements over which they have power rather belongs to the later Platonists, and to the writers of the Middle Ages" (K.).

95. *Consent.* "Sympathetic connection" (M.).

98. *In sceptred pall.* Bearing the sceptre and wearing the robe (Latin *palla*) of royalty. K. remarks that Milton may have had in mind a passage of Lydgate's, quoted by Selden:

> "He is a king y-crown'd in Faerie
> With sceptre and pall and with his royaltie."

99. *Presenting.* Representing, personating. Cf. *Tempest*, iv. 1. 167: "when I presented Ceres;" *Merry Wives*, iv. 6. 20: "present the fairy queen," etc.

Thebes or Pelops' line. Referring to the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the scenes of which are laid in the Bœotian capital, and to the trilogy of Æschylus on the murder of Agamemnon, who was descended from the ancient Pelops. *The tale of Troy divine* is episodically treated in some of the plays of Sophocles and Euripides.

101. *Or what—though rare*, etc. There can be little doubt that he has the tragedies of Shakespeare in mind here. Cf. the reference to his comedies in *L'All.* 133 fol. For *buskin'd*, see on *L'All.* 132.

104. *Musæus.* A mythical poet of ancient Thrace.

105. *Orpheus.* See on *L'All.* 149.

106. *Warbled to the string.* Cf. *Arcades*, 87.

107. *Iron tears.* Cf. Virgil's "ferrea vox" (*Æn.* vi. 626).

109. *Him that left half-told.* Chaucer, whose *Squiers Tale* was left unfinished. The lines that follow refer to characters and incidents in this poem.

113. *Virtuous.* Having magical *virtue* or power. Cf. *Comus*, 621.

116. *And if aught else*, etc. Doubtless referring to Spenser; possibly also, as some have thought, to Ariosto and Tasso. Cf. p. 32 above.

120. *Where more is meant*, etc. That is, wherein there is an allegorical meaning, as in the *F. Q.*

122. *Civil-suited.* In sober civilian dress, as distinguished from that of courtiers or soldiers. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2. 10:

> "Come, civil Night,
> Thou sober-suited matron, all in black," etc.

123. *Trick'd.* Adorned. Cf. *Lyc.* 170. We still say "tricked out." *Frounced* was often used of plaiting the hair; as in *F. Q.* i. 4. 14: "Some

frounce their curled heare in courtly guise." The word has now become *flounce*, and is never applied to the hair.

124. *The Attic boy.* Cephalus, with whom Eos (Aurora) was for a time in love.

125. *Kerchief'd*, etc. That is, wearing the *cloud* as a covering for the head—the original sense of *kerchief*.

127. *Still.* Gentle. Cf. *Passion*, 28.

130. *Minute-drops.* Falling at intervals of a minute, as it were. Cf. *minute-guns*.

133. *Twilight groves.* Cf. the "glimmering shades and bowers" of 27 above.

134. *Silvan.* The woodland god Silvanus. Cf. *Comus*, 268.

135. *Monumental oak.* So called, K. says, "because the monuments in churches were often formed of carved oak;" but it rather means standing like a monument, or, as M. expresses it, "memorial, old, telling of bygone years." B. compares Tennyson's *Talking Oak*.

136. *Where the rude axe*, etc. K. quotes Horace, *Sat.* i. 7. 27: "fertur quo rara securis."

140. *Profaner.* Used in the absolute Latin sense.

141. *Garish.* Over-bright, gaudy. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2. 25: "And pay no worship to the garish sun."

142. *Honey'd thigh.* One of Milton's slips in natural history. Drayton makes the same mistake in his *Owl*: "Each bee with honey laden to the thigh."

145. *Consort.* Companionship; or perhaps in the sense of *concert*. See on *Nativ.* 132.

146. *Dewy-feather'd.* With "feathers steeped in Lethean dew" (K.). He may have had in mind the description of the dream in Virgil, *Æn.* v. 854 fol. Cf. also *F. Q.* i. 1. 44: "And on his little wings the dreame he [the sprite] bore."

154. *Genius.* Cf. *Arcades*, 44.

155. *Due.* As in the discharge of a regular *duty*.

156. *Cloister's pale.* The enclosure of the cloister. Some eds. have "cloisters pale," making *pale* the adjective.

157. *Embowed.* Arched.

158. *Antique.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in that day. K. prints "antic," to indicate the pronunciation. The early eds. of Shakespeare have *antick* and *antique* indiscriminately.

Massy-proof. Massive and proof against the pressure they have to bear; a compound of Milton's own coinage. For *massy*, cf. *Lyc.* 110. Milton uses the word eleven times in his poems, *massive* not at all. Shakespeare also has only the former. *Massive* occurs, however, as early as Congreve's translation of Juvenal, *Sat.* xi.: "No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd." Warton borrows Milton's compound in his *Ode for the New Year*, 1788: "Rude was the pile, and massy-proof."

159. *Storied.* Illustrating Scripture history in their stained glass. For *dight*, see on *L'All.* 62.

164. *As may*, etc. *Such* as may, etc. Such ellipses were common in the English of that day. See on *L'All.* 145, for instance.

170. *Spell.* Study. Cf. *P. R.* iv. 385.

172. *And every herb*, etc. "Milton speaks (*Epitaphium Damonis*) of his hopes of being assisted in the study of botany by his friend Carlo Diodati" (B.).

ARCADES.

The words added to the title by Milton himself make it clear that the poem is only "part" of a masque presented at Hanfield. The rest of it, apparently supplied by others, has not been preserved.

The date of the piece has been generally supposed to be 1633 or early in 1634, not long before the production of *Comus;* but M. (vol. ii. p. 210 fol.) gives good reasons for believing that it was "not later than the year 1631."

Spenser dedicated the *Teares of the Muses* to the same lady for whose entertainment the *Arcades* was written; and in 1607 John Marston wrote a masque in her honour, portions of which have a resemblance to Milton's poem.

1. *Look, nymphs*, etc. The early eds. (followed by B. and some others) have a comma at the end of the first line, and a colon at the end of the fourth.

4. *Mistook.* We find *mistaken* in *S. A.* 907. These are the only instances of the participle in Milton's verse. Cf. *hath took* in *Nativ.* 20, *was took* in *Comus*, 558, etc. See Abbott's *Gr.* § 343; also on *Il Pens.* 91 above.

14. *Mark what radiant state*, etc. Perhaps, as K. and M. suggest, a reference to the actual surroundings of the Countess in the masque—devices of bright light, silver rays seeming to shoot from her throne, etc.

20. *Latona.* The mother of Apollo and Diana.

21. *The tower'd Cybele.* This "great Idæan mother of the gods" was represented as wearing a diadem surmounted with three towers. Cf. Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 784:

> "qualis Berecyntia mater
> Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
> Laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
> Omnes caelicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes;"

and *F. Q.* iv. 11. 28:

> "Old Cybele, array'd with pompous pride,
> Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
> With hundred turrets, like a Turribant;"

that is, like a turban.

23. *Dares not give her odds.* Must meet her on equal terms, cannot assume to be her superior.

26. *Gentle.* Of gentle blood.

30. *Alpheus.* A river in Arcadia, which ran underground for some distance. This fact gave rise to the myth that Alpheus, a young hunter, was in love with the nymph Arethusa; and when she fled from him to

the island of Ortygia, near Sicily, he was turned into a river and followed her by a channel beneath the sea. Rising again in Ortygia, the river blended its waters with the fountain into which Arethusa had been transformed. Cf. *Lyc.* 132; and see Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 692:

> "Sicanio praetenta sinu jacet insula contra
> Plemmyrium undosum; nomen dixere priores
> Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem
> Occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc
> Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis."

33. *Silver-buskin'd nymphs.* The ladies in the masque, wearing buskins like Diana and her nymphs.

34. *Free.* Generous.

46. *Curl the grove.* A common metaphor in that day. Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, vii.:

> "Where she [a grove] her curled head unto the eye may show;"

Browne, *Brit. Past.* i. 4:

> "And trees that on the hillside waving grew
> Did nod their curled heads," etc.

47. *Wove.* That is, *woven*, which we have in *Sonn.* 6. 2. See on 4 above.

48. *From nightly ill*, etc. Cf. *Comus*, 269.

51. *Thwarting thunder blue.* We have "cross blue lightning" in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3. 50. *Thwarting*, like *cross* there, means zigzag.

52. *The cross dire-looking planet.* This may be Saturn, as M. makes it, or any other planet in its malignant aspect.

53. *Hurtful worm.* Cf. *Lyc.* 45.

57. *Tassell'd horn.* The hunter's horn; as in *L'All.* 56. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 8. 3:

> "Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
> Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
> And tasselles gay."

60. *Puissant.* A dissyllable, as regularly in Milton and Shakespeare. The former makes *puissance* a dissyllable in the two instances in which he uses it in verse; the latter makes it either a dissyllable or trisyllable.

Murmurs. Charms, spells. Cf. *Comus*, 526.

63. *Celestial Sirens.* Apparently = Muses, as B. and others explain it.

64. *The nine infolded spheres.* See on *Nativ.* 125.

66. *The adamantine spindle.* The spindle of the Fates, *the daughters of Necessity;* called *adamantine*, because the decrees of fate are unalterable. The whole passage, as Warton pointed out, is a close imitation of one in Plato's *Republic*, x. 14.

70. *Unsteady Nature.* As nature appears in some of its phenomena, when we do not recognize the law that governs them.

72. *Which none can hear*, etc. See *Nativ.* 127, and cf. Shakespeare, *M. of V.* v. 1. 64:

> "But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

74. *Blaze.* Blazon, proclaim; as in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3. 151: "to blaze your marriage," etc.

81. *State.* Throne, chair of state; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 16: "this chair shall be my state;" *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 5: "Our hostess keeps her state," etc.

87. *Warbled string.* K. says that this should be "*warbling* string;" but it is a concise expression for "the string to which the song is warbled." Cf. *Il Pens.* 106.

89. *Star-proof.* Cf. *F. Q.* i. 1. 7 (which may have suggested the epithet here):

> "Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
> Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
> Not perceable with power of any starr."

97. *Ladon.* A river in Arcadia. *Lycæus*, *Cyllene*, *Erymanthus*, and *Mænalus* were mountains of the same region. M. inadvertently makes *Erymanthus* "an Arcadian river-god."

106. *Syrinx.* A nymph, who, when pursued by Pan, was changed into a reed, from which the god made his pipe.

COMUS.

In June, 1631, the Earl of Bridgewater was nominated by Charles I. to the Viceroyalty of Wales, but he did not enter upon the duties of his office until late in 1633. Just when he went to take up his residence at Ludlow, his official seat, we do not know; but probably not until the next year, as the festivities in honour of his inauguration were prolonged until Michaelmas, Sept. 29, 1634, when this masque of Comus was performed before him in the great hall of Ludlow Castle by members of his family.

Milton was asked to write the masque by his friend Henry Lawes, at that time the most celebrated musical composer in England, who had been appointed to furnish the music on the festive occasion. This fixes the date of the poem in the summer of 1634.

The plot of *Comus* was probably suggested by George Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*, which Milton may have seen on the stage. The mythological hero who gives name to it appears to have been borrowed from a Latin extravaganza by Hendrick van der Putten (or Eyricius Puteanus), a Dutchman who was then professor of eloquence at Louvain. His *Comus* was first published in 1608, but an edition was brought out at Oxford in 1634, the very year in which the English *Comus* was written. There is a tradition that the incident of the Lady's being lost in the wood was suggested to Milton by an actual experience of Lady Alice Egerton and her two brothers in Haywood Forest near Ludlow. It is said that night overtook them in the wood, and that Lady Alice was for some time separated from her companions. It is more probable, however, as Masson and Church have suggested, that this story grew out of the poem than that the poem grew out of the story.

In the performance of the masque at Ludlow, the parts of the Lady

and her brothers were taken by Lady Alice* and her brothers, and that of the Attendant Spirit by Lawes. The names of the other two actors (Comus and Sabrina) have not been preserved.

Two manuscripts of the poem are in existence; one in Milton's handwriting, among the Cambridge MSS.; the other, probably the family copy or Lawes's stage-copy, in the library at Bridgewater House. Lawes was so importuned for copies that in 1637 he had the poem printed, no doubt with the author's consent. The title-page bears as a motto the following quotation (Virgil, *Ecl.* ii. 58):

> "Eheu! quid volui misera mihi? floribus anstrum
> Perditus."

Church says: "The words are Virgil's, but the appropriation of them, and their application in this 'second intention,' is too exquisite to have been made by any but Milton."

"In the entire myth of *Comus*, as invented and developed by Milton for the purposes of his masque, one sees an act of poetic genius singularly characteristic of its author, singularly Miltonic. . . . Phantasy of the purest poetic kind regnant undeniably through all, the hand of the artist and the lover of beauty perceptible in every scene and every line, he yet contrives to make the whole a serene spiritual lesson, a construction to one moral, and that moral the deepest and most treasured idea of his own private philosophy. The Earl of Bridgewater's incipient Welsh Presidentship, the prepared stage, the scenery, the coloured lights, Lawes's music and managership, the sweet Lady Alice's acting and singing, the boyish elocution of the brothers, the cheering and clapping of hands among the spectators (many of whom, doubtless, were Comus's own disciples, trapped theatrically into momentary treason to him)—all these, by the skill of the resolute young Plato of Horton, were made to subserve a principle that had taken possession of himself. That sensual indulgence is intellectual and spiritual ruin; that the most essential outfit for a powerful and worthy life of any kind is fastidious scrupulosity of personal ethics; that the true root of real magnanimity, or the highest human degree of endeavour or attainment, is unsullied conscience, and such personal strictness as may be named even by the mystic name of virginity; that Virtue will always in the long run beat Vice even in this world, unless the whole frame of things is rottenness, God a delusion, and the world not worth living in, or dying in, or thinking about:—ransack all Milton's writings from the very earliest, and this will be found, in one form or another, the idea ever deepest with him and most frequently recurring. It breaks out in prose passages, sometimes general, sometimes autobiographic; and it arrests one in his juvenile poems. And so here throughout *Comus* it is inculcated at length, softly and poetically, but yet unmistakably. . . And indeed he ends the whole poem with a quiet lyrical reiteration of the same lesson" (M.). Cf. p. 32 above.

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* She was not fifteen years old at the time, and her brothers were both younger. As Keightley remarks, it is "difficult to conceive how children like these could fully comprehend the lofty language which they had to deliver."

Lawes's ed. of *Comus* contained the following dedication:

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN, LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLEY,
Son and Heir Apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.

My Lord,

This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself, and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final Dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents, and as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression,

Your faithful and most humble servant,
H. LAWES.

In the 1645 ed. of Milton's *Poems*, this dedication is retained; and a letter to Milton from Sir Henry Wotton (at that time Provost of Eton College, near Horton) in acknowledgment of a copy of Lawes's ed. which the poet had sent him, is inserted as a pendant to the dedication, with the following heading: "The Copy of a Letter written by Sir Henry Wotton to the Author, upon the following Poem." The opening paragraphs of the letter (all that refer to *Comus*, the rest being some advice concerning Milton's intended journey on the Continent) were as follows:

From the College, this 13 *of April*, 1638.

Sir,

It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time; among which I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith; wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain

Doric delicacy in your songs and odes, wherein I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: *Ipsa mollities.* But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before, with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s poems, printed at Oxford; whereunto it is added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and leave the reader *con la bocca dolce.* . . .

In the second (1673) ed. of the *Poems*, both Lawes's dedication and Wotton's letter were omitted.

3. *Inspher'd.* Cf. *Il Pens.* 88.

4. *Serene.* Accented on the first syllable; as dissyllabic adjectives and participles very often are in the poets of that day (and sometimes even now) when they come *before the noun.* This law, as it may be called, was first enunciated and fully illustrated, so far as we are aware, in Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon*, Appendix, p. 1413 fol. M. thinks that here the ordinary pronunciation has "a finer effect," and adds that "the first syllable of *serenus* is short"—as if that had anything to do with it.

7. *Pester'd.* Clogged, encumbered; or, perhaps, crowded—though the word is not from the Italian *pesta*, a crowd, as Todd, K., and B. make it. Neither is it from the Latin *pestis*, as M. suggests. Skeat and others are no doubt right in deriving it, through the Fr. *empêtrer* (Old Fr. *empestrer*) from the Low Latin *in*, upon, and *pastorium*, a clog for a horse at pasture. From meaning to clog or encumber, it got the sense of crowd; as in a quotation from Holland in the *Imp. Dict.* (where the derivation is given correctly): "all rivers and pools would be so pestered full with fishes that a man would see nothing else." K. cites Hall, *Sat.* iv. 7:

> "Or saw the churches and new Calendar
> Pester'd with mongrel saints and relics dear;"

but there it may be = encumbered. One can see how this idea often implies that of crowding.

Pinfold. A pound, in which stray beasts were *pinned*, or shut up. Cf. Shakespeare, *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 114: "I mean the pound—a pinfold;" and *Lear*, ii. 2. 9: "in Lipsbury pinfold." B. and M. explain it as "sheepfold," a sense not recognized by the dictionaries.

10. *After this mortal change.* After the changes of this mortal life, or this mortal life of change. M. explains it as "this mortal state of life;" and B. thinks that *change* "has its old meaning of a figure in a dance" —a metaphor which seems to us peculiarly out of place here.

11. *Enthron'd.* Two syllables, with accent on the first. See on 4 above. This is according to the printing of the early eds. (followed by B. and M.); but K. reads "the enthronèd gods," which no doubt suits the modern ear better.

13. *Golden key.* Cf. *Lyc.* 111.

16. *Ambrosial weeds.* Celestial garments. As M. remarks, *ambrosial*, though we are apt to connect it only with the food of the gods, really has

the general sense of immortal (*α*, not, and *βροτός*, mortal), whence celestial, or heavenly. For *weeds*, see on *L'All.* 120.

20. *High and nether Jove.* That is, Jupiter and Pluto, or Ζευς καταχθόνιος, as Homer (*Il.* ix. 457) calls him. Dunster quotes Sylvester's *Du Bartas:* "Both upper Jove's and nether's diverse thrones." The allusion is to the division of the world among Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, after the overthrow of Saturn.

23. *Unadorned.* That is, otherwise unadorned.

25. *Several.* Separate. See on *Nativ.* 234.

27. *This isle,* etc. Great Britain. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 40 fol.: "This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle," etc.

29. *Quarters to.* Probably = divides among; though K. notes the fact that the island was then under four separate governments; "for beside those at London and Edinburgh, there were Lords-President of the North and of Wales."

Blue-hair'd deities. We cannot think, with M., that these may be "a special section of the *tributary gods.*" This latter expression is apparently equivalent to the other, which is used merely for variety.

30. *This tract,* etc. This western portion, or Wales.

31. *A noble peer.* The Earl of Bridgewater.

For *mickle* (= much), cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 70: "An oath of mickle might," etc. It occurs nowhere else in Milton's verse.

33. *Old.* As descendants of the aboriginal Britons; and *haughty* from pride in their ancestry.

34. *Nurs'd in princely lore.* As M. says, this means no more than "highly educated," though some commentators have fancied deeper reference in it.

37. *Perplex'd.* Entangled, intricate; accented on the first syllable. See on 4 above.

41. *Sovran.* See on *Nativ.* 60.

45. *In hall or bower.* A familiar combination in the old ballads, as in Spenser and other poets of the time. Cf. *Astrophel,* 28: "Merily masking both in bowre and hall;" *Lady of the Lake,* ii. 112: "For of his clan, in hall and bower," etc. The *hall* was the main public room of the castle or mansion; and the *bower* the lady's chamber, often used for the private apartments in general.

47. *The sweet poison of misused wine.* A striking example of poetical condensation of phrase.

48. *After the Tuscan mariners transform'd.* A Latin construction, like "post conditam urbem." Cf. *P. L.* i. 573: "never since created man," etc. The story of the seizure of Bacchus by Tyrrhenian pirates, and their transformation into dolphins, is told in the Homeric *Hymn to Dionysos,* and also in Ovid, *Met.* iii. 630 fol.

49. *As the winds listed.* Cf. *John,* iii. 8.

50. *Circe's island.* See Virgil, *Æn.* vii. 10 fol., or *Odyssey,* x.

54. *This nymph,* etc. The parentage of Comus is Milton's own; as are, indeed, the main traits of the character. The name (Greek κῶμος) means excess.

60. *The Celtic and Iberian fields.* France and Spain.

61. *Ominous.* Portentous, hazardous.

65. *Orient.* Bright; as in *P. L.* i. 546: "With orient colours waving," etc.

66. *Drouth.* Milton's form for *drought.*

67. *Fond.* Foolish. See on *Il Pens.* 6.

72. *All other parts*, etc. This was convenient for stage presentation, though inconsistent with the ancient myth.

73. *So perfect is their misery.* So complete is their wretched degradation.

74. *Not once perceive*, etc. This is also a variation from the myth. The companions of Ulysses are sensible of their foul transformation. B. refers to *F. Q.* ii. 12. 87:

> "Saide Guyon: 'See the mind of beastly man,
> That hath so soone forgot the excellence
> Of his creation, when he life began,
> That now he chooseth with vile difference
> To be a beast and lacke intelligence!'"

79. *Adventurous glade.* Dangerous wood. *Glade*, properly an opening in a wood, is here used for the wood itself.

80. *A glancing star.* A shooting-star. B. quotes *P. L.* i. 745: "Dropt from the zenith like a falling star." Cf. also Shakespeare, *V. and A.* 815:

> "Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
> So glides he in the night from Venus' eye."

83. *Spun out of Iris' woof.* Cf. *P. L.* xi. 244: "Iris had dipt the woof;" that is, of the archangel's "vest of purple."

84. *A swain*, etc. The description is a compliment to Lawes, who was to play the part. For *weeds*, cf. 16 above.

87. *Knows to still.* Cf. *Lyc.* 10.

88. *Nor of less faith.* "Not less trustworthy than he is skilled in music" (M.).

92. *Viewless.* Cf. *Passion*, 50, and *P. L.* iii. 518. Shakespeare has the word once (*M. for M.* iii. 1. 124: "viewless winds"), and M. thinks he may have coined it.

93. *The star*, etc. K. quotes *M. for M.* iv. 2. 218: "Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd." See also Collins, *Ode to Evening:*

> "For when thy folding-star arising shows
> His paly circlet," etc.

94. *The top of heaven.* The meridian. Cf. *F. Q.* iii. 4. 51:

> "the golden Hesperus
> Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene."

96. *His glowing axle doth allay*, etc. Todd quotes Juvenal, *Sat.* xiv. 280: "Audiet Hercules stridentem gurgite solem."

97. *Steep.* "Deep" (B.), or to which the sun comes as down a steep descent (K.).

98. *Slope.* Sloping, declining. Cf. Tennyson, *Locksley Hall*, 8: "great Orion sloping slowly to the west."

101. *His chamber.* Cf. *Psa.* xix. 5.

105. *Rosy twine.* Twined roses, or wreaths of roses. See on 1021 below. Shakespeare is fond of this use of the adjective; as in *Sonn.* 128. 4: "wiry concord" (concord of wires, or strings), etc. See many examples in Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Appendix, p. 1415 fol.

108. *Advice.* Reflection, deliberation; as in *K. John*, iii. 4. 11: "So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd," etc.

109. *Sour.* The one instance of the word in Milton's verse. Shakespeare has it more than thirty times in a figurative sense (crabbed, morose, hateful, gloomy, etc.); as "sour offence" (*All's Well*, v. 3. 59, *T. and C.* iii. 1. 80), "sour melancholy" (*Rich. II.* v. 6. 20), "sour woe" (*R. and J.* iii. 2. 116), "sour misfortune" (*Id.* v. 3. 82), etc.

110. *Saws.* Sayings, maxims. Cf. Shakespeare, *R. of L.* 244: "Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw?" *L. L. L.* v. 2. 932: "the parson's saw," etc.

111. *Of purer fire.* That is, of fire with less admixture of the heavier elements, earth and water. Cf. the Dauphin's description of his horse in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 22: "It is a beast for Perseus; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him." See also *A. and C.* v. 2. 292, where the dying queen says:

> "I am fire and air; my other elements
> I give to baser life."

112. *The starry quire.* An allusion to the music of the spheres. See on *Nativ.* 125, and cf. 1021 below.

115. *The sounds and seas.* The shallow waters and the deep seas.

116. *Morrice.* A *Moorish* dance, introduced into England from Spain. Cf. *All's Well*, ii. 2. 25: "as fit as a morris for May-day;" *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 25: "a Whitsun morris-dance," etc.

118. *Pert.* Brisk, lively; as in Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 13: "The pert and nimble spirit of mirth." Cf. also the adverb in *Tempest*, iv. 1. 58: "Appear, and pertly;" that is, quickly, promptly. *Dapper* had much the same meaning, with the added sense of small, delicate; and this latter came to be the dominant sense. Cf. Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Oct.:

> "The dapper ditties, that I wont devise
> To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
> Delighten much;"

where the *Glosse* defines it as "pretye." Neither *pert* nor *dapper* is used elsewhere by Milton in verse.

121. *Wakes.* Vigils; originally, the festive celebration of the eve of a saint's day. Cf. Tennyson, *Princess*, v. 510: "His visage all agrin as at a wake." The word is now used only of the watching of a dead body previous to burial, as in Ireland and Scotland.

125. *Rites.* The early eds. have "rights" here, though "rites" in 535 below (M.).

127. *Will ne'er report.* Cf. Shakespeare, *V. and A.* 126:

> "These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
> Never can blab, nor know not what we mean."

129. *Cotytto.* A Thracian goddess, whose rites were celebrated at night with notorious licentiousness.

131. *Dragon womb.* Cf. *Il Pens.* 59.

132. *Spets.* An old form of *spits*, used by Shakespeare (in *M. of V.*), Spenser, Drayton, and other writers of the time. Milton has it only here, and *spit* (except the name of the kitchen utensil in *P. R.* ii. 343) nowhere in his verse.

135. *Hecat'.* The spelling of *Hecate* in the early eds., "to indicate that it is to be pronounced as a dissyllable" (M.). It is always dissyllabic in Shakespeare (except in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 64, which he did not write), as often in Marlowe, Ben Jonson, and their contemporaries. Cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 1. 52:

> "witchcraft celebrates
> Pale Hecate's offerings," etc.

Originally a moon-goddess, and sometimes confounded with Diana as such, she presided over all nocturnal horrors—sorcery, ghostly apparitions, etc.

138. *The blabbing eastern scout*, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 1: "The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day;" and *R. of L.* 806: "Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!" Some eds. misprint "babbling."

139. *Nice.* Dainty, fastidious. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 82: "she is nice and coy," etc.

141. *Descry.* Disclose. Cf. *F. Q.* vi. 7. 12:

> "In lieu whereof he would to him descrie
> Great treason to him meant," etc.

144. *Light fantastic round.* Cf. *L'All.* 34.

147. *Shrouds.* Hiding-places. Shakespeare has it in the similar sense of shelter, protection, in *A. and C.* iii. 13. 71: "And put yourself under his shroud," etc. Cf. the verb in 316 below.

151. *Trains.* Allurements; as in *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 118:

> "Devilish Macbeth
> By many of those trains hath sought to win me
> Into his power."

Cf. the verb in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 45: "O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note;" and *L. L. L.* i. 1. 71:

> "These be the stops that hinder study quite,
> And train our intellects to vain delight."

154. *Dazzling spells.* The first draft has "powder'd spells" (cf. 165 below). *Spongy*=absorbent, retentive.

155. *Blear.* Deceiving the sight, as if it had been *bleared*, or dimmed. Cf. the verb in *T. of S.* v. 1. 120: "While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne," etc.

157. *Quaint.* See on *Nativ.* 194.

161. *Glozing.* Deceiving, deluding. Cf. *F. Q.* iii. 8. 14:

> "For he could well his glozing speaches frame
> To such vain uses that him best became."

163. *Wind me.* Insinuate myself.

166. *I shall appear*, etc. The 1st ed. (1645) reads thus:

> "I shall appear som harmles Villager,
> Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,
> But here she comes, I fairly step aside
> And hearken, if I may, her business here."

The 2d (1673) omits and transposes thus:

> "I shall appear some harmless Villager
> And hearken, if I may, her business here.
> But here she comes, I fairly step aside;"

but the *Errata* of the ed. direct that the comma after *may* shall be omitted and *here* changed to *hear*. There can be no doubt that these latter alterations should be made (B. retains "hearken, if I may, her business here"), and perhaps we should follow the 2d ed. in the omission and transposition also. The objection to doing so, as M. notes, is that it would disturb the standard line-numbers for the rest of the poem.

167. *Gear.* Business. Cf. *F. Q.* vi. 3. 6: "That to Sir Calidore was easie geare;" *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 107: "Here's goodly gear!" 2 *Hen. VI.* i. iv. 17: "To this gear the sooner the better," etc.

168. *Fairly.* Gently, quietly; as often. So the adjective was often = gentle, soft, etc.

175. *Granges.* Granaries, barns; the only instance of the word in Milton's verse.

176. *Pan.* Cf. *Nativ.* 89.

178. *Swill'd.* Drunken. The use of the passive form (=given to swilling) is exactly as in drunken (=given to drinking), originally the participle of *drink*.

179. *Wassailers.* Revellers; from *wassail*, in the sense of drinking-bout, carouse. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 4. 9:

> "The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
> Keeps wassail," etc.

See also *L. L. L.* v. 2. 318: "At wakes and wassails," etc. For *wassail* as applied to the beverage (spiced ale, etc.) of which our old English ancestors were so fond, cf. *Macbeth*, i. 7. 64:

> "his two chamberlains
> Will I with wine and wassail so convince
> That memory, the warder of the brain,
> Shall be a fume," etc.

We find the *wassail-bowl* thus referred to in an old song:

> "Our Wassel we do fill
> With apples and with spice;"

and again in the same lyric, "A Wassel of good ale." See on *L'All.* 100.

184. *Spreading favour.* Favouring spread. Cf. many similar examples in Shakespeare; as "murderous shame" = shameful murder (*Sonn.* 9. 14), "swift extremity" = extreme swiftness (*Id.* 51. 6), "shady stealth" = stealing shadow (*Id.* 77. 7), etc.

188. *Gray-hooded Even*, etc. "Evening succeeding Day, as the figure

of a venerable gray-hooded mendicant might slowly follow the wheels of some rich man's chariot" (M.). But why "venerable" and a "mendicant?" The sober Eve follows close behind the chariot of Phœbus, but not as an aged beggar. Cf. Wordsworth's fine sonnet:

> "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
> The holy time is quiet as a nun,
> Breathless with adoration."

In *Lyc.* 187, "the still Morn" goes out "with sandals gray."

A *palmer* was one who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and brought back a palm-branch from the gardens of Jericho (K.); though other explanations of the word are given. Cf. Scott, *Marmion*, i. 470:

> "The faded palm-branch in his hand
> Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land."

We find "in Palmers weed" (cf. 84 above) in *F. Q.* ii. 1. 52.

195. *Stole.* The reading of the early eds., though one of the MSS. has "stolne"—and the other agrees with it, according to K., who considers *stole* "a manifest printer's error." We find "had stole" in *P. L.* iv. 719 in the original ed., where "stolen" would be really better for the measure. *Stolen* occurs in *P. L.* x. 20, xi. 125, and *Sonn.* 1. 2. See on *Il Pens.* 91 and *Arcades*, 4.

203. *Rife.* Prevalent, abundant; as in More, *Utopia:* "thieves nevertheless were in every place so rife and so rank." Nares (followed by the *Imp. Dict.*) explains it here as "clear, manifest," which is implied in the other and more common meaning.

204. *Single.* Mere, unmixed.

207. *Calling shapes*, etc. Warton and others think that Milton had in mind passages in Marco Polo's *Travels* and Heywood's *Hierarchy of Angels*, in which ghostly voices and beckoning spectres are mentioned; but, as B. remarks, Shakespeare's *Tempest* "may well have suggested the whole imagery." Cf. quotation in note on 432 below.

212. *Strong siding.* Strong and *siding* with one, or taking one's part. Cf. *Coriolanus*, iv. 2. 2:

> "The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
> In his behalf."

We find it used transitively in *Id.* i. 1. 197: "They . . . side factions." These are the only instances of the verb in Shakespeare. Here most eds. print "strong-siding;" but B. and M. retain the early reading.

Conscience is a trisyllable here. See on *Nativ.* 66.

214. *Girt.* Equipped, furnished; rather than "surrounded," as M. explains it. For *golden wings*, cf. *Il Pens.* 52.

215. *Chastity.* "Instead of Charity, the usual companion of Faith and Hope" (K.).

217. *Supreme.* Accented on the first syllable; as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 155: "But as we, under heaven, are supreme head;" and *R. of L.* 780: "The life of purity, the supreme fair." See on 4 above.

219. *Glistering.* Neither Milton nor Shakespeare has *glisten.* The former has *glister* eight times, and the latter nine (including *T. A.* ii. 1. 7, which is probably not his).

221. *Was I deceiv'd*, etc. Not a rare rhetorical form; but Milton apparently had in mind Ovid, *Fasti*, v. 549: "Fallor? an arma sonant? Non fallimur; arma sonabant."

231. *Shell.* The reading of the early eds. One of the MSS. has "cell" in the margin, but Milton probably decided to retain *shell* when the poem was printed. *Airy shell*=the "hollow round" (*Nativ.* 102), or vault of the atmosphere.

232. *Meander.* The Phrygian river whose windings have given us the English verb. *Margent* is used by Milton nowhere else in verse, *margin* not at all. Shakespeare has only *margent* (seven times). M. endorses the fanciful suggestion of K. that the banks of the Meander are chosen as the abode of Echo "because its course goes backwards and forwards, returning on itself like the repercussion of an echo."

234. *Love-lorn.* Cf. "lass-lorn" in *Tempest*, iv. 1. 68. K. thinks that *lorn* is dissyllabic here, as he does *born* in *Nativ.* 30. He has a theory of metre which drives him to this strange conclusion.

235. *Mourneth.* Singeth mournfully.

237. *Narcissus.* The comely youth for whose love Echo pined away until nothing but her voice was left, and who afterwards was changed into the flower that bears his name.

238. *Have.* For the rhyme, see on *Ep. Mar. Win.* 48.

241. *Parley.* Speech. For *daughter of the sphere*, see on *Sol. Mus.* 2.

243. *Give resounding grace*, etc. That is, by echoing them.

244. *Can any mortal mixture*, etc. Can any human being sing so divinely? As M. remarks, this was no doubt intended partly as a compliment to the young Lady Alice's singing.

251. *Fall.* Cadence; to which it is etymologically parallel. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, i. 1. 4: "That strain again! it had a dying fall," etc.

253. *Sirens.* Not associated with Circe by Homer and the other ancient poets; but, as we have seen, Milton, like his brethren of old, modifies the myths to suit his purpose or his fancy. M. says that Browne, in his *Inner Temple Masque* (performed about 1615, but not published till 1772), had already put Circe and the Sirens on the same island.

254. *Flowery-kirtled.* Warton says, "because they were gathering flowers;" but K. "because their kirtles were flowered, like our flowered silks." Of the two interpretations we prefer the former (the latter is worthy of a mantua-maker); but the meaning may be trimmed or adorned with natural flowers.

256. *Prison'd.* Captivated.

257. *Lap.* See on *L'All.* 136.

Scylla wept. Milton follows Ovid in bringing Circe into the vicinity of Scylla and Charybdis (K.).

258. *Barking waves.* A reminiscence of Virgil, *Æn.* vii. 588; "multis circum latrantibus undis."

262. *Home-felt.* "Heartfelt" (B.); or "that does not take one out of himself, leaves him in possession of his senses, at home, as it were" (K.).

267. *Unless the goddess*, etc. Unless thou be the goddess, etc.

269. *Forbidding*, etc. Cf. *Arcades*, 48.

271. *Ill is lost.* "A Latinism, *male perditur*" (K.).

273. *Extreme shift.* The last resort. Cf. 617 below. For the accent of *extreme*, see on 4 and 217 above.

277. *What chance*, etc. The following dialogue, as K. notes, is in imitation of many in the Greek tragedies, carried on in single-line speeches. M. remarks that a convenient example, from Euripides, beautifully rendered into English, will be found in Browning's *Balaustion*.

278. *Leavy.* The reading of the early eds., generally changed to "leafy."

290. *Hebe.* The goddess of youth, or "the youthful bloom of nature."

Unrazor'd. Beardless. Cf. *Tempest*, ii. 1. 250:

> "till new-born chins
> Be rough and razorable."

291. *What time.* Cf. *Lyc.* 28. It was a favourite idiom with the old poets, and was sometimes used in prose. Cf. *Ps.* lvi. 3, *Numb.* xxvi. 10, *Job*, vi. 17. The full phrase *at what time* occurs in *Dan.* iv. 5. Nowadays it is limited to poetry. For *labour'd*, cf. 178 above. We can now say (colloquially, at least) *hard-worked* as well as *hard-working*.

On the passage, cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* ii. 66:

> "Aspice, aratra jugo referunt suspensa juvenci
> Et sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras;"

and Horace, *Od.* iii. 6. 41:

> "sol ubi montium
> Mutaret umbras, et juga demeret
> Bobus fatigatis," etc.

293. *Swink'd.* Tired, fatigued. Cf. *F. Q.* ii. 7. 8: "For which men swinck and sweat incessantly." See also the noun in *Shep. Kal.* May: "How great sport they gaynen with little swinck," etc.

295. *Yon small hill.* "He forgets that it is dark" (K.).

297. *Port.* Bearing; as in *P. L.* xi. 8, etc. In the ed. of 1637 "as they stood" is connected with what follows; in the eds. of 1645 and 1673, with what precedes, as in the text.

298. *Vision.* A trisyllable. See on 212 above, and cf. 457 below.

299. *The element.* The air or sky; as in *P. L.* ii. 490: "the lowering element." Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 58: "o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element" (that is, the stars); North's Plutarch, *Life of Pompey:* "the dust in the element," etc.

301. *Plighted.* Folded. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 283: "Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;" where the quartos have "pleated." See on *Il Pens.* 57. For *awe-strook*, see on *Nativ.* 95.

312. *Dingle.* Valley between steep hills. *Dell* = dale.

313. *Bosky.* Woody; used by Milton only here. Shakespeare has it twice (*Temp.* iv. 1. 81 and 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 2), and in both places the early eds. spell it "busky."

Bourn may be either boundary or = *burn*, brook. Warton defines it as "a winding, deep, and narrow valley, with a rivulet running at the bottom."

315. *Attendance.* Attendants.

316. *Shroud.* See on 147 above.

317. *The low-roosted lark*, etc. K. says that "the ideas here belong rather to the hen-house than to the resting-place of the lark, which has no *thatch* over it, and in which, as it is on the ground, he does not *roost*." M. replies that Milton means simply "the lark in her low resting-place," and that "the very phrase calls attention to the fact that the lark does not roost on trees like other birds, but has a nest on the ground." *Thatch*, moreover, merely describes "the texture of the nest itself."

318. *Rouse.* Intransitive; though M. thinks that *morrow* may be the subject and *lark* the object of the verb. Cf. p. 32 above.

322. *Courtesy*, etc. For the reference to the derivation of the word, cf. *F. Q.* vi. 1. 1:

> "Of Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
> For that it there most useth to abound;
> And well beseemeth that in Princes hall
> That vertue should be plentifully found,
> Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
> And roote of civill conversation."

325. *And courts*, etc. Warton changed *And* to "In," and has been followed by some editors.

327. *Warranted.* Trustworthy, guaranteed to be safe.

329. *Square.* Adjust. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, v. 1. 52:

> "O that ever I
> Had squar'd me to thy counsel!"

332. *Benison.* Benediction; the only instance of the word in Milton. Cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 4. 40: "God's benison go with you!"

334. *Disinherit.* Dispossess; as in *S. A.* 1012. Cf. the use of *inherit* in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2. 30:

> "such delight
> Among fresh female buds shall you this night
> Inherit at my house," etc.

336. *Influence.* See on *Nativ.* 71.

340. *Rule.* Line, ray. The description of the ray is most graphic.

341. *Star of Arcady.* Referring to the Great Bear, as *Tyrian Cynosure* to the Lesser Bear, or the pole-star in it. Callisto, who was changed into the Great Bear, was daughter of Lycaon, King of *Arcady*, or Arcadia. The *Tyrian* or Phœnician mariners steered by the *Cynosure*, as Ovid tells us. See quotation in note on *L'All.* 80.

344. *The folded flocks*, etc. Cf. *P. L.* iv. 185:

> "Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,
> In hurdled cotes amid the field secure."

345. *Oaten stops.* Cf. *Lyc.* 33, and see on *Id.* 188.

347. *Dames.* Cf. *L'All.* 52.

349. *Innumerous.* Innumerable; as in *P. L.* vii. 455: "Innumerous living creatures," etc.

359. *Over-exquisite.* Too inquisitive. For the confusion of active and

passive meanings in many adjectives, see Abbott's *Gr.* § 3. Cf. the use of certain participles, as in 178 and 291 above.

360. *To cast the fashion.* To forecast or conjecture the form.

361. *Be so.* That is, be indeed *evils*.

362. *What need.* Why need. See on *Ep. Shakes.* 1.

365. *Self-delusion.* Five syllables. See on 298 above.

366. *So to seek.* So at a loss, or without resource. Cf. *P. L.* viii. 197: "Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek;" Bacon, *Essay* 41: "but the merchant will be to seeke for money," etc.

367. *Unprincipled.* Untaught, untrained; like one that has not learned the *principles* or elements of a study. B. says that Milton uses the phrase "unprincipled in virtue" in his *Tractate on Education*.

371. *Stir.* Disturb.

372. *Plight.* See on *Il Pens.* 57.

373. *Virtue could see*, etc. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 1. 12: "Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade."

376. *Seeks to.* Resorts to, or simply = *seeks*. See *Deut.* xii. 5, 1 *Kings*, x. 24, *Isa.* ii. 10, etc. Cf. *obey to;* as in *Rom.* vi. 16 and *F. Q.* iii. 11. 35: "the hevens obey to me alone," etc.

377 *temptation.* See on *Il Pens.* 53.

378. *Plumes.* Prunes, arranges. The word is not found elsewhere in his sense, and K. classes it among Milton's "mistakes."

380. *All to-ruffled.* The eds. of 1645 and 1673 have "all to rufflì'd; that of 1637 has "altoruffled" (*New. Eng. Dict.*). Tickell changed *to* to *too*, but more recent editors have read either "all-to ruffled" or as in the text. *All-to* is regarded as = altogether, completely; but though early examples of it can be cited, it is certainly to be classed with those incorrect forms (by no means rare in English) which are due to some misapprehension or confusion of older forms. *To* (like the German *zer*) = asunder, is found at an early period as a prefix to certain verbs (*to-break*, *to-burst*, *to-tear*, etc.); as in Chaucer, *Knightes Tale*, 2693: "His brest to-broken with his sadil bowe." Cf. *Judges*, ix. 53: "and all to-brake his skull" (as it should be printed). As the *New Eng. Dict.* (which may be considered as authoritatively settling the dispute concerning these forms) says, *all* came to be used to emphasize the particle *to-* combined with these verbs, and "as they were at length rarely used without *all*, the fact that the *to-* belonged to the verb was lost sight of, and it was written separate, or even joined to *all*." We have probably an example of these old derivative verbs in the *Merry Wives*, iv. 4. 57: "And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight." Cf. Holland's *Pliny:* "shee againe to be quit with them, will all to-pinch and nip both the fox and her cubs." Schmidt and Abbott (*Gr.* § 350), however, regard this as an example of one of the peculiar uses of the infinitive *to;* and the latter (see *Gr.* § 436) would read "all too ruffled" in the present passage. K., B., and M. have *all to-ruffled*.

382. *The centre.* That is, of the earth; a common ellipsis in writers of the time. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 159:

> "If circumstances lead me, I will find
> Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
> Within the centre."

385. *Himself is his own dungeon.* Cf. *S. A.* 155:

> "Thou art become—O worst imprisonment!—
> The dungeon of thyself," etc.

See also *P. L.* iv. 75: "Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell."

388. *The cheerful haunt of men.* B. compares *P. L.* iii. 46: "the cheerful ways of men," etc.

390. *Weeds.* See on *L'All.* 120.

393. *The fair Hesperian tree.* That bore the golden apples in the gardens of the Hesperides, watched day and night by the dragon which Hercules slew. See 981 below. On the passage, cf. *As You Like It*, i. 3. 112: "Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold."

395. *Unenchanted.* Not to be enchanted. See on *L'All.* 40.

398. *Unsunn'd.* Hidden from the light of day. Cf. *F. Q.* ii. 7 (heading):

> "Guyon finds Mamon in a delve
> Sunning his threasure hore;
> Is by him tempted, and led downe
> To see his secrete store."

Here Mammon has brought out a part of his hoard, and is turning it over in his lap, "to feede his eye."

401. *Wink on.* Close his eyes to, fail to see; the only instance of *wink* in Milton's verse. To shut the eyes is the most common meaning of the verb in Shakespeare. Cf. *Tempest*, ii. 1. 216:

> "Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
> Whiles thou art waking."

In the same scene (285) we have the noun=sleep:

> "Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
> Can lay to bed forever; whiles you, doing this,
> To the perpetual wink for aye might put
> This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence," etc.

404. *It recks me not.* I take no account, care not. See *Lyc.* 122, and cf. the personal use in Shakespeare, *V. and A.* 283: "What recketh he his rider's angry stir?" *T. and C.* v. 6. 26: "I reck not though I end my life to-day," etc.

405. *Dog.* K. thinks the word "too familiar;" but Shakespeare uses it repeatedly. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 127: "To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns;" *A. W.* iii. 4. 15: "Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth," etc.

407. *Unowned.* Unprotected, like a creature strayed from its owner.

408. *Infer.* Argue; as in the only other instance of the word in the poems, *P. L.* vii. 116:

> "To glorify the Maker, and infer
> Thee also happier."

413. *Squint suspicion.* Cf. the picture of Suspicion in *F. Q.* iii. 12. 15:

> "But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
> Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce.
> * * * * * *
> His rolling eies did never rest in place,
> But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce," etc.

Suspicion is a quadrisyllable. See on 298 above.

421. *Complete.* Accented on the first syllable; as in *Hamlet*, i. 4. 52: "That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel," etc. See also on 4 above.

422. *Like a quiver'd nymph*, etc. Cf. the description of Belphœbe in *F. Q.* ii. 3. 29:

> "And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
> Stuft with steele-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
> The salvage beastes in her victorious play.
> * * * * * *
> Such as Diana by the sandy shore
> Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
> Where all the Nymphes have her unwares forlore,
> Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene."

423. *Trace.* Track, traverse; as in Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 25: "to trace the forests wild," etc. *Unharbour'd* = affording no harbour, or shelter.

424. *Infamous.* Of evil fame. Cf. Horace, *Od.* i. 3. 20: "Infames scopulos, Acroceraunia." The word is here perhaps accented on the penult, as the editors make it, though this is not absolutely required by the measure. A line may begin with an accented syllable; as in 394 and 401 above. In a case like *Character'd* in 530 below, we put the accent on the penult, not because it is necessary, but because we know that the word was often so pronounced in that day.

B. says that *perilous* is here a dissyllable, and compares the familiar contraction *parlous;* but the word may well enough have its ordinary pronunciation, like *frivolous* in 445 below, to take the first example on which our eye falls. Milton himself prints *perilous* here, though he has many needless contractions (like *heav'n, pow'r, th'*, etc.), according to the bad fashion of the time.

426. *Bandite.* Milton's spelling of the word, which, as M. suggests, was probably rather a new one then.

Mountaineer appears to be used, as it sometimes was, in an opprobrious sense. Cf. *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 120: "Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer," etc.

428. *Horrid shades.* Cf. 38 above.

430. *Unblench'd.* Unabashed, undaunted. We use *blench* now only intransitively, but it was formerly sometimes transitive = disconcert, affright. We even find the noun *blencher* (see *Imp. Dict.*) in the sense of one who frightens.

432. *Some say no evil thing*, etc. Newton quotes Fletcher, *Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 1:

> "Yet I have heard—my mother told it me,
> And now I do believe it—if I keep
> My virgin-flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
> No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
> Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
> Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
> Draw me to wander after idle fires;
> Or voices calling me in dead of night
> To make me follow, and so tole me on
> Through mire and standing pools to find my ruin."

434. *Unlaid ghost.* Cf. *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 278: "Ghost unlaid forbear thee."

435. *That breaks his magic chains*, etc. Cf. *Nativ.* 232 fol., where the ghosts take flight with the dawn; and see *Temp.* v. 1. 40:

> "you whose pastime
> Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
> To hear the solemn curfew;"

and *Lear*, iii. 4. 121: "This is the foul Flibbertigibbet. He begins at curfew, and walks at first cock" ("till the first cock" in quartos).

436. *Swart.* Black, dark. Cf. *swart star* in *Lyc.* 138.

439. *Antiquity.* "The previous instances had been from mediæval legend" (B).

443. *Brinded.* Brindled, spotted; as in *Macbeth*, iv. 1. 1: "the brinded cat." In *P. L.* iv. 446, the lion "shakes his brinded mane."

449. *Freez'd.* The only instance of the past tense in Milton's verse. The participle is *frozen* in the five passages in which it occurs. For the accent of *congeal'd*, see on 4 above.

451. *Dash'd.* Put out of countenance, confounded.

453. *So dear to Heaven*, etc. "The language of mythological allusion now ceases, and the speaker passes, in his own name, into a strain of Platonic philosophy tinged with Christianity." Cf. p. 32 above.

455. *Lackey her.* Become her *liveried* servants or attendants.

457. *Vision.* A trisyllable, as in 298 above. See also *contagion* in 467 below.

459. *Converse.* Accented on second syllable; as in *P. L.* viii. 408: "How have I then with whom to hold converse;" also in *Id.* ix. 247, 909, the only other examples of the noun in the poems. Shakespeare also regularly accents the noun in the same way.

462. *And turns.* We should expect "turn;" but the change may be intentional; "as if certainty had so increased before the second clause that it could be stated as a fact" (M.).

465. *Lavish.* Profligate.

468. *Imbodies and imbrutes.* Becomes corporeal, or material, and brutish. Cf. *P. L.* ix. 163:

> "O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
> With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
> Into a beast; and, mixed with bestial slime,
> This essence to incarnate and imbrute
> That to the height of deity aspir'd!"

469. *Divine.* Probably accented by Milton here on the first syllable. See on 4 above.

470. *Such are*, etc. Cf. Plato's *Phædo* (Jowett's trans.): "She [the impure soul at death] is engrossed by the corporeal, which the continual association and constant care of the body have made natural to her. . . . And this, my friend, may be conceived to be that heavy, weighty, earthy element of sight by which such a soul is depressed and dragged down again into the visible world below—prowling about tombs and sepulchres, in the neighbourhood of which, as they tell us, are seen certain ghostly apparitions of souls which have not departed pure, but are cloyed

with sight and therefore visible." Warton perceived that Milton had this passage in mind here.

474. *Sensualty.* Milton's word, not "sensuality," as generally printed to the marring of the metre.

476. *How charming*, etc. "A compliment to Plato, from whom Milton has just been quoting, and whom he especially admired" (M.).

478. *But musical*, etc. Cf. Shakespeare, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 342:

> "as sweet and musical
> As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair."

482. *What should it be?* What *could* or *might* it be? Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 160: "What should this mean?" and see Abbott's *Gr.* § 325.

483. *Night-founder'd.* Benighted. Cf. *P. L.* i. 204: "some small night-founder'd skiff."

490. *What are you?* Who are you? Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 18. "What's he that wishes so? My cousin Westmoreland?" See Abbott's *Gr.* § 254.

491. *Iron stakes.* That is, their swords.

494. *Whose artful strains*, etc. Cf. Horace, *Od.* i 12. 8:

> "Arte materna rapidos morantem
> Fluminum lapsus celeresque ventos."

495. *Huddling.* Hurrying, so that its waters are, as it were, huddled together.

Note the rhyme in the lines that follow; perhaps introduced "to prolong the feeling of pastoralism by calling up the cadence of known English pastoral poems, such as those of Spenser and William Browne" (M.).

499. *Forsook.* See on *Il Pens.* 91.

501. *His next joy.* His younger son.

502. *Toy.* Trifle; as in *Il Pens.* 4.

508. *How chance*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 129: "How chance the roses there do fade so fast?" and see Abbott's *Gr.* § 37.

509. *Sadly.* Seriously, truly; as very often. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 207: "But sadly ell me who." A few lines above we have the noun similarly used: "Tell me in sadness who is that you love."

511. *Ay me unhappy!* Not "Ah me," as sometimes printed in eds. of Milton and Shakespeare. Cf. *Lyc.* 56.

515. *What the sage poets*, etc. "Thus Homer sang of the *Chimæra* in the adventures of Bellerophontes, and of the *enchanted isles* of Circe, Calypso, and others; and Virgil describes the descent to hell of Orpheus through the *rifted rock* of Tænarus" (K.). Cf. *L'All.* 17 and *Il Pens.* 117.

520. *Navel.* Centre. So Delphi was called by the Greeks the navel of the earth.

526. *Murmurs.* Incantations. See on *Arcades*, 60. Todd quotes Statius, *Theb.* ix. 733:

> "cantusque sacros et conscia miscet
> Murmura."

529. *Unmoulding*, etc. As if obliterating the impression or inscription on a coin.

530. *Character'd.* Accented on the penult; as by Shakespeare several times. Cf. *R. of L.* 807: "The light will show, character'd in my brow;" *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 4: "Are visibly character'd and engrav'd;" and *Hamlet*, i. 3. 59: See thou character: give thy thoughts no tongue." Elsewhere he gives the verb the modern accent, as the noun always. Milton has the verb nowhere else in his poems; the noun he accents on the first syllable.

531. *The hilly crofts*, etc. "The enclosed fields on the slopes that ascend from this wood in the hollow" (M.).

534. *Stabled wolves.* Wolves that have got into the sheepfold. B. quotes Virgil, *Ecl.* iii. 80: "Triste lupus stabulis;" which Milton may have had in mind.

535. *Hecate.* See on 135 above.

539. *Unweeting.* Unwitting, unsuspicious. Cf. *P. L.* x. 335: "Eve, though all unweeting," etc.

540. *By then.* By the time that.

542. *Dew-besprent.* Sprinkled with dew. Cf. *Shep. Kal.* Nov.: "with teares besprint;" *Id.* Dec.: "My head besprent with hoary frost," etc.

544. *Interwove.* Cf. *wove* in *Arcades*, 47. We find *interwove* again in *P. L.* i. 621, but *interwoven* in *P. R.* ii. 263.

547. *To meditate my rural minstrelsy.* The ed. of 1673 misprints "meditate upon." Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* i. 2: "Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena;" and see also *Lyc.* 66.

548. *Close.* Cadence, pause. See on *Nativ.* 100.

551. *Listen'd.* For the transitive use, cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 1. 41: "Listen great things," etc.

553. *Drowsy frighted steeds.* "The drowsy steeds that had been frightened" (M.). The early eds. all print "drowsie frighted;" but the Cambridge MS. has "drowsy flighted," which, with the hyphen, is favoured by K. and M. The latter puts it in his text, though with some doubt whether he ought not to follow the first printed eds. Some print "drowsy-frighted," which is nonsense. "Drowsy-flighted" is certainly the simpler and more poetical reading, but we hesitate to adopt it when there is such a weight of authority against it.

556. *Like a steam*, etc. Cf. the comparison of music to fragrance in the first lines of *Twelfth Night*, and see our ed. of the play, p. 118. The ed. of 1673 misprints "stream."

557. *That even Silence*, etc. For *that=so* that, see on *L'All.* 145; and for *took*, on *Arcades*, 4. On the passage, cf. *P. L.* iv. 604: "Silence was pleas'd;" that is, at the "amorous descant" of the nightingale.

560. *Still.* Ever, always; as often. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 42: "Thou still hast been the author of good tidings," etc.

568. *Lawns.* See on *L'All.* 71.

585. *Period.* Sentence.

586–599. *Against the threats . . . stubble.* "A peculiarly Miltonic passage; one of those that ought to be got by heart both on its own account and in memory of Milton" (M.).

598. *Firmament.* To Milton, believing in the Ptolemaic astronomy, this word suggested the firmness and solidity its etymology implies.

603. *Legions.* A trisyllable. This lengthening of a word is rare in Milton or Shakespeare except at the end of a line. Abbott, in his *Gr.* (§ 479), says he has been able to find only three instances in Shakespeare (*A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 41, *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 5, *T. A* i. 1. 190), but we have met with at least a dozen more. Cf., for example, *T. N.* i. 5. 274: "With adorations, with fertile tears," etc. For *grisly*, see on *Nativ.* 209.

604. *Acheron.* The infernal river (see *P. L.* ii. 578), here put for hell itself, as often by the classical poets.

605. *Harpies.* We have another allusion to the unclean creatures in *P. R.* ii. 403:

> "Both table and provision vanish'd quite
> With sound of Harpies' wings and talons heard."

Cf. *Tempest*, iii. 3. 53, where, according to the stage-direction, Ariel enters "like a Harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes;" as in Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 209 fol.

606. *Ind.* India was "the region of black enchantments" (M.).

607. *Purchase.* Acquisition; often used in a bad sense. Cf. *F. Q.* vi. 11. 12 (where the thieves are quarrelling over their booty):

> "To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
> Made answere, that the mayd of whom they spake
> Was his owne purchase and his onely prize;"

1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 101: "thou shalt have a share in our purchase" (plunder), etc. See also *P. L.* x. 579.

608. *Curls.* Associated with the idea of a voluptuary. Cf. Shakespeare, *R. of L.* 981: "Let him have time to tear his curled hair," etc.

610. *Emprise.* Enterprise, daring; a poetical word. Cf. *P. L.* xi. 642: "Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise," etc.

611. *Stead.* Service; now rarely used except in the phrase "stand one in stead."

614. *Can unthread thy joints.* Relax their ligaments and render them powerless. Cf. *Tempest*, i. 2. 471: "For I can here disarm thee with this stick" (his magic wand), etc. See also 659 below.

617. *Utmost shifts.* Cf. 273 above.

620. *To see to.* To look at. Cf. *Ezek.* xxiii. 15.

621. *Virtuous.* Having medicinal *virtue*, or power. See on *Il Pens.* 113.

623. *He lov'd me well.* It is not improbable, as some of the commentators have urged, that in this description of the *shepherd lad* there is an affectionate reference to his friend Charles Diodati, who was a medical student and a botanist. Cf. the *Epitaphium Damonis*, 150 fol.

626. *Scrip.* Pouch, bag. Cf. 1 *Sam.* xvii. 40, *Matt.* x. 10, *Luke*, xxii. 35, etc.

627. *Simples.* Medicinal herbs. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 1. 40: "Culling of simples," etc.

634. *Unknown.* That is, to people in general. *Like esteem'd*=unappreciated, as little esteemed as known.

635. *Clouted shoon.* Patched shoes. Cf. *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 26: "And his sandal shoon;" 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 195 (Cade's speech): "Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon," etc. See also *Josh.* ix. 5.

636. *Med'cinal.* Milton's spelling. In *S. A.* 627 ("Or medicinal liquor can assuage") the metre requires the full number of syllables and the modern accent. In Shakespeare likewise we find both *méd'cinal* and *medicinal*, if we adopt the latter (the reading of the 1st quarto) in *Oth.* v. 2. 351; but see our ed. p. 210.

Moly. The plant by which Ulysses was enabled to resist the charms and drugs of Circe. See *Odyssey*, x. 305. For *Hermes* (Mercury), cf. *P. L.* iv. 717, xi. 133.

637. *Hæmony.* The plant and its name (probably from *Hæmonia*, or Thessaly, a land famed for its magic) are both of Milton's invention.

639. *Sovran.* See on *Nativ.* 60.

640. *Mildew blast.* Not "mildew, blast," as sometimes printed. Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 64:

> "Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
> Blasting his wholesome brother."

641. *Apparition.* Five syllables. See on *Nativ.* 66, etc.

642. *Little reckoning made.* Cf. *Lyc.* 116.

646. *Lime-twigs.* Snares; like the twigs smeared with bird-lime for entrapping birds. This is a favourite metaphor with Shakespeare, who uses it at least twelve times. Cf. *All's Well*, iii. 5. 26: "they are limed with the twigs that threaten them;" *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 68:

> "O limed soul that, struggling to be free,
> Art more engag'd!"

3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 16: "Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul," etc.

655. *Like the sons of Vulcan.* The allusion seems to be to the giant Cacus (Virgil, *Æn.* viii. 252) in his struggle with Hercules:

> "Faucibus ingentem fumum, mirabile dictu,
> Evomit."

660. *Alabaster.* Spelt "alablaster" in the eds. of 1645 and 1673; as generally in the early eds. of Shakespeare. Cf. *F. Q.* iii. 2. 42: "Her alablaster brest she soft did kis," etc. As. K. notes, it is strange that Milton, who must have been familiar with the Greek ἀλάβαστρον, should have followed this erroneous orthography here and in *P. L.* iv. 544. In *P. R.* iv. 545 the 1st ed. has *alabaster.*

661. *Daphne.* Who, when pursued by Apollo, was turned into a laurel-tree. Cf. the humorous account of the transformation in the opening lines of Lowell's *Fable for Critics.*

666. *Why are you vext*, etc. K. quotes, as an exact metrical parallel, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2. 38: "We are undone, lady, we are undone."

672. *Julep.* Originally, rose-water; thence applied to fragrant and cordial liquids, as here. This is the only instance of the word in Milton's verse; and it is not used at all by Shakespeare.

673. *His.* Its. See on *Nativ.* 106.

675. *Nepenthes.* The drug which Homer (*Odyssey*, iv. 220 fol.) repre-

sents Helen as giving to Menelaus. "It frees men from grief and anger, and causes oblivion of all ills: whoever should drink it would not shed a tear for a whole day, not even if both his mother and father should die, or if they should kill a brother or a beloved son before his eyes." The *wife of Thone* was "Polydamna, an Egyptian," the poet adds.

680. *Dainty limbs.* A pet phrase with Spenser. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 11. 32, etc.

682. *Invert.* Cf. Shakespeare, *T. and C.* v. 2. 122:

> "That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
> As if those organs had deceptious functions."

685. *Unexempt.* From which no one is exempt. *Condition* is a quadrisyllable.

688. *That have*, etc. *That* refers to *you* in 682.

693. *The cottage*, etc. See 320 above.

694. *Grim aspects.* Cf. *F. Q.* v. 9. 48: "with griesly grim aspect;" and Shakespeare, *R. of L.* 452: "Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking." The accent of *aspect* was then regularly on the second syllable, as it still is in *respect*.

698. *Visor'd.* Masked, disguised.

700. *Liquorish.* Dainty, pleasing to the palate; the only instance of the word in Milton's poems. Shakespeare also has it once, in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 194:

> "Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
> And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind."

The spelling *lickerish* is more in accordance with the derivation. See *Imp. Dict.* or Wb.

702. *None*, etc. As Newton remarks, this is from Euripides, *Medea*, 618:

> Κακοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς δᾷρ' ὄνησιν οὐκ ἔχει.

707. *Budge.* The meaning of the word here has been much discussed. *Budge* was the name given to "lamb-skin with the wool dressed outward, formerly used as an ornamental border for scholastic habits;" hence the adjective *budge*="trimmed or adorned with budge." The latter came to have the secondary meaning of "scholastic, pedantic, austere, surly, stiff, formal;" which is probably the sense here. K. thinks it rather means "corpulent, portly," and M. is inclined to explain it as "burly, or stout." Examples of this meaning are to be found in old writers, but the other seems to us to suit the context better.

The *Stoics* and the *Cynics* agreed in despising the pleasures of the senses. The *tub* is of course that of Diogenes.

711. *Unwithdrawing.* Lavish, liberal; perhaps a word of Milton's own coinage, but used by him nowhere else.

719. *Hutch'd.* Shut up as in a *hutch*, or chest. Shakespeare has *bolting-hutch* (box for bolted meal) in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 495; and Milton, according to Nares, uses the same compound in his prose: "to sift mass into no mass, and popish into no popish; yet saving this passing fine sophistical boulting-hutch," etc. Browne, in his *Brit. Pastorals*, ii. 2, describes this *hutch* thus:

> " For as a miller in his boulting-hutch
> Drives out the pure meale nearly as he can,
> And in his sifter leaves the coarser bran,
> So," etc.

721. *Pulse.* Beans, pease, etc. Cf. *Dan.* i. 12, 16, etc.

722. *Frieze.* A coarse woollen cloth.

729. *Strangled.* Suffocated; as in *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 3. 35:

> " Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
> To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
> And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?"

732. *O'erfraught.* Over-freighted, over-loaded; used by Milton in verse only here, as by Shakespeare only in *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 210: " the o'erfraught heart."

K. remarks that " *diamonds* belong not to the sea, and, even if they did, its swelling could not bring them to the surface."

739. *Beauty is Nature's coin*, etc. As M. remarks, the idea in the lines that follow is a favourite one with the old poets; and Warton and Todd cite parallel passages from Shakespeare, Spenser, Daniel, Fletcher, and Drayton. One of the most familiar is that from the *M. N. D.* i. 1. 74:

> " But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
> Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
> Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness."

Cf. the figure in 743 below.

748. *It is for homely features*, etc. Cf. Shakespeare, *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 2: " Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits." For the etymological reference, cf. 325 above, and *On the New Forcers*, etc., 20 below.

749. *Complexions.* A quadrisyllable here.

750. *Sorry grain.* Poor colour. See on *Il Pens.* 33. It may, of course, have the specific sense of " inferior *red*." B. quotes a sonnet of Drummond's: " Cheekes with Tyrian grain enroll'd."

751. *Sampler.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 205:

> " We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
> Have with our needles created both one flower,
> Both on one sampler," etc.

Tease is used in its original sense of carding wool.

752. *Vermeil-tinctur'd.* Tinted with " the deep vermilion in the rose" (Shakespeare, *Sonn.* 98. 10). Cf. *F. Q.* iii. 1. 46: " As hee that hath espied a vermeill Rose," etc. The word is used now only in poetry.

756–761. *I had not . . . her pride.* These lines are probably spoken aside, as Sympson suggested.

759. *Prank'd.* Decked out. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 10: " Most goddess-like prank'd up," etc.

760. *Bolt.* Present in refined and alluring guise. Cf. *Coriolanus*, iii. 1. 322:

> " Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars
> Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
> In bolted language; meal and bran together
> He throws without distinction."

767. *Spare Temperance.* Cf. "Spare Fast" in *Il Pens.* 46.

768–774. *If every just man . . . her store.* Todd compares the speech of Gloster in *Lear*, iv. 1. 67–74: "Here, take this purse," etc.

773. *Proportion.* A quadrisyllable, as K. marks it. The line is not a very smooth one, however we may scan it.

779. *Shall I go on?* Cf. 438 above.

780. *Enough.* K. and M. print "enow," which is rarely found except as a plural. Here, according to M., the ed. of 1645 has "anough," and that of 1673 "anow." Shakespeare has *enow* ten times, all plural; as in *M. of V.* iii. 5. 24: "we were Christians enow before," etc.

784. *Thou hast not ear nor soul to apprehend*, etc. "The *sublime notion and high mystery*, as Milton calls it here, is spoken of in his *Apology for Smectymnuus* as 'an abstracted sublimity' which he had learned from Plato" (M.). See on 453 and 470 above.

785. *Sublime.* Accented on the penult. See on 4 above.

791. *Fence.* The figure is taken from the art of fencing, with its skilful thrusts and parryings. Shakespeare ridicules the elaborate niceties of the art as practised by the duellists of his day. See, for instance, Mercutio's description of Tybalt in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 19 fol.

797. *The brute Earth.* A translation of Horace's "bruta tellus" (*Od.* i. 34. 9).

800–806. *She fables not . . . strongly.* Spoken aside.

803. *The wrath of Jove*, etc. In the war against Saturn (Cronos) who called the Titans to his aid. *Erebus* = the infernal regions; as in *P. L.* ii. 883:

> "Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
> Of Erebus," etc.

809. *'Tis but the lees*, etc. It was then supposed that exhalations used to rise from the stomach and other parts to the brain, and dim the intellect. Todd quotes Nash's *Terrors of the Night:* "The grossest part of our blood is the *melancholy humour*, which in the spleen congealed (whose office is to disperse it), with his thick-steaming, fenny vapours, casteth a mist over the spirit, and clean *bemasketh the phantasy*." And again, of melancholy: "It sinketh down to the bottom like the *lees of the wine*, corrupting all the blood, and is the cause of lunacy."

816. *His rod revers'd*, etc. This is in accordance with the magic science of the day, which, in many of its details, was taken from that of ancient times. Cf. Ovid, *Met.* xiv. 300:

> "Percutimurque caput conversae verbere virgae,
> Verbaque dicuntur dictis contraria verbis."

822. *Melibœus.* One of the regular names in the ancient pastoral poetry. See on *L'All.* 83 above. The reference is probably to Spenser, who tells the story of Sabrina in *F. Q.* ii. 10; though, as Milton, in his *History of England*, copies the same legend direct from Geoffrey of Monmouth (who, so far as we know, was the first to give it), the latter may be the real *Melibœus* here. Drayton also includes the story in his *Polyolbion*, vi., and Warner in *Albion's England.*

823. *Soothest.* Most truthful. *Sooth* = truth, is found in *forsooth*, *soothsayer* (teller of *hidden* truth), etc. Cf. Gower, *Conf. Amoris*, i.:

"That for he wiste he *saide soth*
A *soth-saier* he was for ever."

825. *The Severn stream.* It was doubtless because this was *not far from hence*—that is, from Ludlow Castle—that Milton introduced the legend here.

827. *Whilome.* Formerly; an archaism used by Milton only here and in *Death of Fair Infant*, 34.

828. *Brute.* Brutus of Troy, who, according to the mythical history, was the second founder of Britain.

830. *Guendolen.* Whom Locrine had divorced for the sake of his former love, Estrildis, who had borne him Sabrina. Guendolen then made war against her husband, who was slain in the first battle. She then commanded her rival Estrildis and her daughter to be thrown into the river which was afterwards called Sabren or Severn. It will be seen that Milton varies the latter part of the legend for poetic effect. In the *Hist. of England*, he follows the original version of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

835. *Aged Nereus' hall.* Classic mythology is here blended with the old British legend. *Nereus* was a Greek sea-god, father of the Nereids, to whose care he here commits Sabrina.

836. *Rear'd her lank head.* Cf. "rear my hand" in *Tempest*, ii. 1. 295 (so also in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1. 30) and "rear up his body" in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 34.

838. *Asphodel.* A plant which grew in the Elysian Fields. Cf. *P. L.* ix. 1040:

"flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth."

Daffodil is a corruption of *asphodel*.

845. *Helping all urchin-blasts.* Relieving or curing the injuries done by *urchins*, or mischievous elves. These were probably so called because they sometimes took the forms of urchins, or hedgehogs. Cf. Caliban's account of Prospero's spirits in *Tempest*, ii. 2. 4 fol.:

"But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire.
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall," etc.

852. *The old swain.* That is, Melibœus.

863. *Amber-dropping.* Milton was doubtless thinking of *amber*, not of *ambergris*, as some have suggested. Todd quotes Nash, *Terrors of the Night:* "Their hair they ware *loose*, unrolled about their shoulders, whose dangling *amber trammels*, reaching down beneath their knees, seem to *drop balm* on their delicious bodies."

867. *Listen, and appear to us*, etc. Milton, as Newton remarks, takes his epithets in this passage from classical writers. Thus they termed

Oceanus *great* (*μέγας*, Hesiod, *Theog.* 20); *earth-shaking* (*ἐννοσίγαιος*, *ἐνοσίχθων*) is a constant epithet of Neptune; Tethys is *majestic* (*πότνια*, *Theog.* 368); Nereus is *old* (*γέρων*) in both Homer and Hesiod. The abode of Proteus, who was a *wizard* (*vates*), was in the Carpathian Sea (Virgil, *Geor.* iv. 387), and as he kept the herds of Neptune he of course was supposed to bear a crook. Triton was a trumpeter, and had a scaly body; Glaucus was noted for his prophetic gifts; Ino or Leucothea (cf. *P. L.* xi. 135) had naturally *lovely hands;* her son Palæmon was the god of ports, roads, and harbours. Homer terms Thetis *silver-footed* (*ἀργυρόπεζα*, but the allusion is to the whiteness of her skin, not the brightness of her *slippers*.

879. *Parthenope*, like *Ligea*, was one of the *Sirens*. Her *tomb* was said to be at Naples. Cf. Milton's Latin poem to the singer Leonora:

> "Credula quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
> Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
> Littoreamque tua defunctam Naiada ripa
> Corpore Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?"

In the description of Ligea, he seems to be thinking of the Northern mermaids. Cf. Tennyson, *The Mermaid:*

> "With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
> And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
> 'Who is it loves me? who loves not me?'
> I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
> Low adown, low adown," etc.

885. *Heave thy rosy head.* Cf. *L'All.* 145.

888. *Have.* For the rhyme, see on 238 above.

892. *Sliding.* See on *Nativ.* 47.

893. *Azurn.* Todd thinks this may be from the Italian *azzurino;* but it may be a contraction of the earlier English *azurine*, used by Hakluyt. For *sheen*, see on *Nativ.* 145.

894. *Turkis.* The turquoise, the name of which was pronounced *turkis*, as it often is now.

895. *Strays.* K. says that, but for the rhyme, this would probably have been *lies*, "for inanimate things cannot *stray*." They may, however, appear to do so when carried along at intervals by the current of a swift stream.

897. *Printless feet.* Cf. *Tempest*, v. 1 34: "And ye that on the sands with printless foot," etc. For the fancy that follows, see the poets from Virgil (*Æn.* vii. 808) down to Tennyson (*Talking Oak*, 131).

898. *Velvet head.* Cf. Fletcher, *Faithful Shep.* ii. 1:

> "See the dew-drops, how they kiss
> Every little flower that is,
> Hanging on their velvet heads."

As Warton notes, this poem seems to have been in Milton's mind when he wrote this part of *Comus*.

914. *Thrice.* A standard number in spells and magical formulæ generally. Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* viii. 73 fol.; *Macbeth*, i. 3. 35, iv. 1. 1, etc. M. quotes here Browne, *Inner Temple Masque* (Circe's spell):

"Thrice I charge thee by my wand;
Thrice with moly from my hand
Do I touch Ulysses' eyes," etc.

921. *Amphitrite's bower.* In the chamber of Amphitrite, the wife of Neptune. For *bower*, see on 45 above.

923. *Anchises' line.* Brute (828 above) was said to be descended from Æneas, son of Anchises.

927. *The snowy hills.* The Welsh mountains. *Tumble* was misprinted "tumbled" in the ed. of 1673.

929. *Thy tresses fair.* The foliage on thy banks.

934. *May thy lofty head*, etc. The critics have been troubled by what they have regarded as the mixed metaphor here, and it has even been proposed to change *With groves* to "Be groves." It is not absolutely necessary, however, to connect *With groves*, etc., with the preceding *With many a tower*, etc., as directly dependent on *crowned*. We are inclined to regard it as an example of zeugma (a figure which Milton uses elsewhere) and, with K., to make the latter clause = And [be thou adorned] with groves of myrrh and cinnamon upon thy banks. Calton (quoted by Todd, and endorsed by M.) suggests that Milton had in mind the two Greek verbs περιστεφανόω, to put a crown *around*, and ἐπιστεφανόω, to put a crown *upon;* and that his meaning was, "May thy lofty head be *crowned around* with many a tower and terrace, and thy banks here and there be *crowned upon* with groves," etc. This is ingenious, but, to our thinking, rather too much so. The other explanation seems to us to combine a simpler construction with quite as satisfactory a sense.

958. *Back, shepherds*, etc. The "*after them*" in the stage direction is not to be understood as=directly following them. The Spirit and his companions do not enter until the *country dancers* have been for some time engaged in a dance, which is interrupted by this speech.

959. *Sunshine holiday.* Cf. *L'All.* 98.

960. *Without duck or nod.* A contemptuous reference to the rude movements of the rustic dancers, as contrasted with the more graceful *trippings* of their courtly superiors.

964. *Mincing.* Moving with short and light steps; but not with the affected gait which the word now implies. Cf. Drayton, *Eclogues:*

"Now shepherds lay their winter weeds away,
And in neat jackets minsen on the plain."

The *Dryades* are the wood-nymphs of *Il Pens.* 137. Cf. *P. L.* ix. 387:

"Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves."

972. *Assays.* Trials; as in *P. L.* iv. 932: "From hard assays and ill successes past," etc.

976. *To the ocean*, etc. As M. notes, the first four lines of this speech are in the very rhythm and rhyme of the first four in Ariel's song in the *Tempest*, v. i. 88:

> "Where the bee sucks there suck I:
> In a cowslip's bell I lie;
> There I couch when owls do cry.
> On the bat's back I do fly," etc.

981. *The gardens*, etc. See on 393 above.

984. *Crisped.* Curled or rippled by the breeze. Cf. *Arcades*, 46. See also *P. L.* iv. 237: "the crisped brooks" (ruffled by the wind); and cf. *Tempest*, iv. 1. 130: "Leave your crisp channels," etc.

985. *Spruce.* Well-attired. This word, like *mincing* (see on 964 above), now carries with it the idea of affectation, which it does not have here. Its original meaning (see Skeat) was *Prussian.* Cf. Hall, *Hen. VIII.*: "appareyled after the manner of Prussia or Spruce." So *spruce fir* was Prussian fir, and *spruce leather* was Prussian leather.

990. *Cedarn.* Of cedar. There is no need of connecting it with the Italian *cedrino*, as Todd does. Cf. the archaic *silvern*, *leathern*, etc.

992. *Iris.* The goddess of the rainbow, which is her *purfled* or embroidered *scarf.* Cf. *F. Q.* i. 2. 13:

> "A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
> Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay," etc.

997. *If your ears be true.* That is, sensitive to the mystic meaning of the legends.

998. *Beds of hyacinths*, etc. Cf. *F. Q.* iii. 6. 46, where Adonis lies, "Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery."

999. *Adonis.* See on *Nativ.* 204. The *Assyrian queen* is Astarte, whom he here identifies with Venus.

1003. *Sheen.* See on *Nativ.* 145.

1004. *Advanc'd.* Raised, lifted; as often. Cf. *P. L.* i. 536: "The imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd," etc. See also *Tempest*, i. 2. 408: "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance" (raise your eyelids); *T. N.* ii. 5. 36: "his advanced plumes," etc.

For the legend of Cupid and Psyche, see *F. Q.* iii. 6. 48 fol., where, as here, it follows that of Venus and Adonis.

1009. *Side.* Womb; a sense not recognized in the dictionaries. Cf. Tennyson, *Rizpah*, 54: "O no! they are mine—not theirs—they had moved in my side."

1010. *Two blissful twins.* Milton adds a child to the one that Spenser gives Psyche:

> "But now in stedfast love and happy state
> She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
> Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
> Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late."

In the *Apology for Smectymnuus*, written eight years later, in which Milton again refers to the story of Cupid and Psyche, he speaks of her as "producing those happy twins of her divine generation, Knowledge and Virtue."

1015. *Bow'd welkin.* Curved or domed sky.

1017. *Corners of the moon.* Horns of the moon. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 5. 23:

"Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound."

1021. *The sphery chime.* The chiming spheres. See on *Nativ.* 125, and also on 105 above.

1022. *Or, if Virtue*, etc. In 1639, when Milton passed through Geneva (see p. 13 above) on his return from Italy, he was asked to write his autograph in an album kept by one Camillo Cerdogni or Cardouin, a Neapolitan by birth and probably a Protestant. The poet complied, and wrote the following:

"— if Vertue feeble were
Heaven it selfe would stoope to her.

Cœlum non animū muto dū trans mare curro
Joannes Miltonius
"Jany 10. 1639." Anglus.

As M. remarks, "if we combine the English lines with the Latin addition, it is as if he said, 'The closing words of my own *Comus* are a permanent maxim with me.'"

This album was sold in Geneva, in 1834, for a few shillings, and, after passing through several hands, came into the possession of Hon. Charles Sumner. It is now preserved in the Sumner Collection at Harvard College.

LYCIDAS.

The "learned friend" to whom Milton alludes in the prefatory note was Edward King, son of Sir John King, who was Secretary for Ireland under Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. Young King was admitted to Christ's College, Cambridge, at the age of fourteen, in 1626, Milton's third year at the University. He appears to have won the esteem of all his associates, though we know nothing of Milton's personal relations with him beyond what we may gather from this poem. On the 10th of August, 1637, as King was crossing from Chester to Dublin, to visit his friends in Ireland, the ship struck on a rock off the Welsh coast, and all on board are said to have perished. According to one account, however, "some escaped in the boat," into which his companions vainly attempted to get King.

A collection of memorial verses in honour of the young man was published at Cambridge in the latter part of 1637, and *Lycidas* was Milton's contribution to the volume. It is there signed "J. M." with the date "Novemb. 1637." It was republished in the *Poems* in 1645, when the explanatory note was prefixed to it.

According to Masson and others who have read the memorial volume just mentioned, Milton's poem was the only one of the thirty-six pieces (twenty-three being in Greek and Latin) in the collection which was worth preserving.

Lycidas has been described as "an allegoric pastoral representing college life and friendship, and cast mainly in the form of Greek and Latin

pastorals, though the scenery is transferred to the British Isles. Nowhere is the student brought in as such; nor is the pastoral disguise ever dropped, except in the digression upon Fame and in the isolated passage about the clergy, where another kind of shepherd appears upon the scene" (J.).

Of the versification M. well says: "The art of the verse is a study in itself. The lines are mostly the common iambics of five feet, but every now and then there is an exquisitely managed variation of a short line of three iambi. Then the interlinking and intertwining of the rhymes, sometimes in pairs, sometimes in threes, or even fives, and at all varieties of intervals, from that of the contiguous couplet to that of an unobserved chime or stanza of some length, are positive perfection. Occasionally too there is a line that does not rhyme; and in every such case, though the rhyme is never missed by the reader's ear, in so much music is the line bedded, yet a delicate artistic reason may be detected or fancied for its formal absence. The first line of all is one instance: we shall leave the reader to find out the others."

1. *Yet once more*, etc. Three years had elapsed since the composition of *Comus*, and Milton appears to have determined to write no more poetry until his powers had matured sufficiently to justify his undertaking the great work he had in mind, "though of highest hope and hardest attempting;" but a "sad occasion dear" compels him once more to invoke the Muse. The *laurel*, *myrtle*, and *ivy* are plants associated with poets, and he comes to pluck their leaves and berries thus prematurely as a funereal tribute to his friend "dead ere his prime."

2. *Brown.* Dark and sombre; the "pulla myrtus" of Horace, *Od.* i. 25. 18.

Sere is used by Milton elsewhere only in *P. L.* x. 1071 and *Psalm* ii. 27. Shakespeare has the adjective only in *Macbeth*, v. 3. 23, and *C. of E.* iv. 2. 19. Spenser uses it in *Shep. Kal.* Jan. ("All so my lustful leafe is drye and sere"), where the *Glosse* explains it as "withered." It seems to have been regarded then as an archaic word.

5. *Shatter.* Scatter; of which word it is merely a softened form.

6. *Sad occasion dear.* This arrangement of adjectives is a favourite one with Milton. Cf. 4 just above and 42 below. See also *Arcades*, 49, 51, etc.

7. *Compels.* This use of a singular verb with two singular nominatives is very common in Elizabethan English. Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 177: "For women's fear and love holds quantity;" *Cymb.* iii. 3. 99: "heaven and my conscience knows," etc. See Abbott's *Gr.* § 336.

8. *Lycidas.* A name used by Virgil, as by Theocritus before him. See on *L'All.* 83.

10. *Who would not*, etc. Peck quotes Virgil, *Ecl.* x. 3: "Neget quis carmina Gallo?" For *he knew . . . to sing*, cf. *Comus*, 87.

11. *Build the lofty rhyme.* Todd compares Spenser, *Ruines of Rome*, 25:

> "To builde, with levell of my loftie style,
> That which no hands can evermore compyle."

Sundry specimens of young King's *lofty rhyme*, all in Latin, have come

down to us; but, as M. remarks, "they are not very poetical or elegant, and indeed are rather prosaic." It is certain, however, that he was regarded as a youth of much promise, having been promoted to a fellowship in 1630—an honour which Milton, though his senior by five years (and by two years in college), did not attain.

13. *Welter*. See on *Nativ.* 124.

14. *Melodious tear*. Tearful melody. See on *Comus*, 1021. Cf. Spenser's *Teares of the Muses*. B. cites *Ep. Mar. Win.* 55.

15. *Begin then*, etc. Cf. the opening lines of the *Teares of the Muses*:

> "Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
> The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,
> Those piteous plaints and sorrowful sad tine,
> Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
> Beside the silver Springs of Helicon,
> Making your musick of hart-breaking mone."

The sacred well, etc. The Pierian Spring at the foot of Olympus in Thessaly, the Homeric *seat of Jove*. "This was the original birthplace and abode of the Muses, daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne; though afterwards their worship was transferred to Mount Helicon in Bœotia, with its fountains Aganippe and Hippocrene" (M.). K. strangely says that it is "a fount of the poet's own creation."

17. *Somewhat loudly*, etc. J. explains this as = "make no uncertain answer to my appeal." It seems to us rather to suggest the dignified character of the poem he is about to write—no slight elegy, but a longer and loftier strain not unworthy of its subject.

19. *So may some gentle Muse*, etc. K. prints 19–22 as a parenthesis, thus connecting 23 fol. closely with 18. In Milton's own eds. the second paragraph ends with 24; but we follow Todd and M. in regarding 22 as its logical termination. B. continues the paragraph to 36.

Muse here = *poet;* as in Chapman's *Odyssey*, viii. 499:

> "This sang the sacred muse, whose notes and words
> The dancers' feet kept, as his hands his cords."

20. *With lucky words*, etc. That is, honour my memory in verse when I am dead. M. italicizes *my* in his text, "to bring out fully the meaning;" but this seems unnecessary.

23. *For we were nurs'd*, etc. A reference, in pastoral language, to their companionship at Cambridge.

25. *Lawns*. Cf. *Nativ.* 85 and *L'All.* 71.

26. *Under the opening eyelids*, etc. Warton quotes Middleton, *Game at Chesse*, 1625:

> "like a pearl
> Dropt from the opening eyelids of the Morn
> Upon the bashful rose."

"The eyelids of the morning" is found as a marginal reading in *Job*, iii. 9, where the text has "dawning of the day."

27. *Drove a-field*. That is, drove our flocks to the fields. *A-field* is like *ashore*, *aground*, *asleep*, etc.

28. *What time*. See on *Comus*, 291. The *gray-fly* is a species of *Œs-*

trus, also known as the *trumpet-fly*, from its *sultry horn*, or loud humming in the heat of the day.

29. *Battening.* Feeding. Cf. the intransitive use in *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 67

> "Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
> And batten on this moor?"

31. *Slop'd.* Cf. *Comus*, 98. The first draft of the poem has "Oft till the even-star bright," but we see no reason for supposing that, as the passage now stands, Milton intended to refer to the evening star. If he did, the slip in making it *rise* at evening may be paralleled by that of Tennyson in the early version of *Mariana in the South:*

> "In the East large Hesper overshone
> The mourning gulf," etc.

For *westering* (used by Milton only here), cf. Chaucer, *T. and C.* ii. 906:

> "The nyghtes foo—al this I clepe the sónne—
> Gan westren faste, and dounward for to wrye," etc

The word has been revived by Whittier and Matthew Arnold.

33. *Oaten flute.* The pastoral pipe. Cf. 88 below, and see also *Comus*, 345.

34. *Rough Satyrs danc'd*, etc. It seems a little fanciful to assume, as some commentators have done, that we have here a satirical reference to Milton's fellow-students at Cambridge, and that *old Damœtas* may be some tutor or perhaps the master of the college. There may be nothing more than the conventional carrying-out of the classical pastoralism. M. says that, though we cannot now identify *Damœtas*, "a vision of some particular person at Cambridge did certainly pass across his mind." Even if we admit this, it does not follow that there must be a personal reference in the *Satyrs* and *Fauns*. J. remarks that we know from a letter to Gill that "Milton had to complain of uncongenial companions at Cambridge;" but would they find a hearty enjoyment in his poetry as the woodland deities are here represented as doing?

37. *But O the heavy change*, etc. Scott, in his *Critical Essays*, comments on the "peculiar languid melody in these lines, the proper language of complaint."

39. *Thee, shepherd*, etc. "The fifth non-rhyming line in the poem" (M.). Dunster compares Ovid, *Met.* xi. 43:

> "Te maestae volucres, Orpheu, te turba ferarum,
> Te rigidi salices, tua carmina saepe secutae
> Fleverunt silvae, positis te frondibus arbos."

See also *F. Q.* iv. 10. 44: "Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare," etc.

40. *Gadding.* Straggling. It is not necessary to see any allusion to the vine's desertion of the marital elm, as Warburton suggests (cf. Horace, *Od.* iv. 5. 30: "Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores," etc.).

45. *Canker.* The canker-worm; as in Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 3: "Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds," etc.).

46. *Taint-worm.* Probably the small spider "called a *tainct*," which Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, says is "accounted a deadly

poison unto cows and horses." According to K., the word is still in use in Berkshire.

47. *Wardrobe.* "Spelt *wardrop* in the 1st and 2d eds. and *wardrope* in the Cambridge MS." (M.). The word in the first draft is "buttons" = buds (Fr. *boutons*); as in *Hamlet*, i. 3. 40:

> "The canker galls the infants of the spring,
> Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;"

that is, before their buds are opened.

50. *Where were ye*, etc. A close imitation of Theocritus, *Idyll.* i. 66 fol. Virgil had already imitated it in *Ecl.* x. 9:

> "Quae nemora aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellae
> Naides, indigno quum Gallus amore periret?
> Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
> Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonie Aganippe."

But, as K. remarks, Milton is more felicitous than Virgil in selecting places which are near the scene of the disaster.

52. *The steep*, etc. The commentators have attempted to identify the particular Welsh mountain to which the poet alludes, some making it Penmaenmawr overhanging the sea opposite Anglesea, others thinking that he had in mind Camden's mention of the burial-places of the Druids at Kerig-y-Druidion among the heights of South Denbighshire. The reference to the *Druids* favours the latter view, if either be correct.

54. *The shaggy top of Mona high.* "The high interior of Anglesea, the island fastness of the Druids, once thick with woods" (M.).

55. *Deva.* The Dee, on which Chester is situated, the port from which King sailed. It is called a *wizard stream* on account of the many legends and superstitions connected with it. Drayton (*Polyolbion*, x.) calls it "ominous" and "hallowed." It was the old boundary between England and Wales.

56. *Ay me!* Cf. 154 below, and see on *Comus*, 511. For *foully*=foolishly, see on *Il Pens.* 6.

58. *The Muse*, etc. Calliope, the mother of Orpheus. Cf. *P. L.* vii. 32:

> "But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
> Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
> Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
> In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
> To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
> Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
> Her son."

Orpheus was torn in pieces by the Thracian women who were celebrating the orgies of Bacchus. His head, thrown into the Hebrus, was carried down to the sea and cast ashore on the island of Lesbos. For the reference to the swift current of the Hebrus (for it seems to be settled that it *is* swift, in spite of certain critics), cf. Virgil, *Æn.* i. 317: "volucremque fuga praevertitur Hebrum."

64. *Boots.* Avails, profits. Cf. *S. A.* 560: "What boots it at one gate to make defence," etc. For *incessant* the early eds. have "uncessant," which M. restores to the text. Elsewhere (as in *P. L.* i. 698, vi. 138, xi.

308, etc.) Milton has *incessant*, according to M.'s text. Cf. Abbott's *Gr.* § 442.

66. *Meditate the thankless Muse.* See on *Comus*, 547.

67. *Were it not better done*, etc. Would it not be better to lead, as others do, a life of ease and pleasure? *Use*, in the sense we have here, is now limited to the past tense. We can say "they used to do so," but not "they use," etc. Cf. *Tempest*, ii. 1. 175: "they always use to laugh at nothing;" *T. N.* ii. 5. 104: "with which she uses to seal," etc.

68. *Amaryllis* and *Neæra* are taken, like *Lycidas*, *Damœtas*, etc., from the Greek pastorals. See on 8 above.

70. *Clear.* Noble (Latin *clarus*). Cf. Shakespeare, *M. of V.* ii. 9. 42: "clear honour," etc.

71. *That last infirmity*, etc. Cf. Tacitus, *Hist.* iv. 6: "etiam sapientibus cupido gloriae novissima exuitur."

75. *The blind Fury.* That is, the *Fate* malignant as one of the Furies. The comments of some of the critics on this bold and striking use of *Fury* are amusingly prosaic. For Atropos, the Fate here referred to, see on *Ep. Mar. Win.* 28.

77. *And touch'd my trembling ears.* The expression seems to be suggested by Virgil, *Ecl.* vi. 3:

> "Cynthius aurem
> Vellit et admonuit;"

though M. thinks the allusion is to the "popular humour that the tingling of a person's ears is a sign that somewhere people are talking of him and saying good or ill of him in his absence." Conington, in a note on the passage in Virgil, says that touching the ear was a symbolical act, the ear being the seat of memory.

79. *Glistering foil.* Glittering tinsel; as a metaphor for cheap and showy reputation. For *glistering*, see on *Comus*, 219.

80. *Broad rumour.* Wide notoriety.

81. *But lives and spreads aloft*, etc. It depends on the final and infallible verdict of Heaven upon our deeds.

85. *O fountain Arethuse*, etc. The poet resumes his pastoral strain after the digression in *a higher mood*. For *Arethuse*, see on *Arcades*, 30. The nymph is here introduced as the muse of Sicilian pastoral poetry—especially that of Theocritus—as the *Mincius*, near which Virgil was born, represents the Latin poetry of that type.

For *smooth-sliding*, see on *Nativ.* 47; and for *crown'd with vocal reeds*, cf. the description of the river-god Camus in 104 below. See also Virgil, *Ecl.* vii. 12:

> "Hic viridis tenera praetexit arundine ripas
> Mincius;"

and *Æn.* x. 205:

> "velatus arundine glauca
> Mincius."

88. *My oat.* See on 33 above.

89. *The herald of the sea.* Triton, who came in Neptune's behalf to hold a judicial inquiry concerning the death of Lycidas.

93. *Rugged.* Ragged. The words were used interchangeably. Cf. *L'All.* 9. For *wings* some eds. misprint "winds."

96. *Hippotades.* Æolus, god of the winds, son of Hippotes. He *brings the answer* of the winds, because they have been questioned through him.

99. *Panope.* One of the Nereids, the *sisters* referred to.

100. *It was that fatal and perfidious bark.* The ship is said to have been unseaworthy.

101. *Built in the eclipse*, etc. Built at an unlucky period, and cursed when it was rigged. Cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 1. 28, where, among the ill-omened ingredients of the witches' "hell-broth" we have

> "slips of yew
> Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse."

See also *Hamlet*, i. 1. 120, *Lear*, i. 2. 112, 148, 154, *Othello*, v. 2. 99, etc. For the evil effect of the *curses*, cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 269: "With Hecate's ban thrice blasted," etc.

103. *Camus.* The presiding deity of the river Cam. M. says that the characteristic garb given to Camus is explained in a Latin note appended to Mr. John Plumptre's Greek translation of *Lycidas:* "The *mantle* is as if made of the plant 'river-sponge,' which floats copiously in the Cam; the *bonnet* of the river-sedge, distinguished by vague marks traced somehow over the middle of the leaves, and serrated at the edge of the leaves, after the fashion of the *aï*, *aï* of the hyacinth." This is the *sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe*, the Greeks fancying that they saw the *aï*, *aï* (alas! alas!) on its petals, commemorating the fate of the Spartan youth from whose blood the flower had sprung. See Ovid, *Met.* x. 210 fol.

107. *Pledge.* Child. Cf. *Sol. Mus.* 1.

109. *The pilot of the Galilean lake.* Saint Peter. Cf. *Matt.* iv. 18 fol. For the *keys*, see *Matt.* xvi. 17 fol. From the earliest times Peter was represented with two keys. Cf. P. Fletcher, *Locusts* (quoted by Todd):

> "In his hand two golden keys he beares,
> To open heaven and hell and shut againe."

Making the keys of different metals is Milton's own idea.

111. *Amain.* With *main*, or strength; firmly. We retain this old noun *main* in the expression "with might and main." Cf. *apace* in 129 below.

112. *His mitred locks.* "As St. Peter here speaks with episcopal authority, he is made to wear the distinctive dress of his order" (J.). For *bespake*, see on *Nativ.* 76.

113–131. *How well*, etc. "These nineteen lines of the poem are, in some respects, the most memorable passage in it. They are an outburst, in 1637, or when Milton was twenty-nine years of age, of that feeling about the state of the English Church under Laud's rule which, four years afterwards (1641–42), found more direct and as vehement expression in his prose pamphlets" (M.).

114. *Enow.* See on *Comus*, 780.

115. *Creep*, etc. Cf. *John*, x. 8 fol.

119. *Blind mouths.* "A singularly violent figure, as if the men were *mouths* and nothing else" (M.).

122. *Recks.* See on *Comus*, 404.

Sped. Provided for. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. of V.* ii. 9. 71: "So begone; you are sped;" that is, your fate is settled.

123. *Flashy.* Todd cites Milton's *Colasterion*, in which he calls his opponent's arguments "the flashiest, the fustiest, that ever corrupted such an unswilled hogshead."

124. *Scrannel.* Screeching; a word of "raspy roughness" (M.), and probably of Milton's own coinage.

126. *Wind and the rank mist*, etc. Empty and unwholesome doctrines.

128. *The grim wolf.* The Church of Rome, which was making many converts at that time. *And nothing said* implies that the clergy were doing nothing to preserve their flocks from this danger.

130. *That two-handed engine*, etc. "Critics see here an actual prophecy of the subsequent fate of Archbishop Laud; but to this opinion we cannot assent. In 1637, the King and Laud were at the very *acme* of their power, and none but a real prophet could have foreseen what would come to pass. We rather see a general allusion to the axe of the Gospel, or to the two-edged sword of the Apocalypse, which the poet, with his usual license, may have transformed to a two-handed one, for the greater efficacy. Possibly the *ἀμφιδέξιος* of the Greeks was in his mind (Euripides, *Hip.* 780):

Οὐκ οἶσει τις ἀμφιδέξιον
Σίδηρον, ᾧ τόδ' ἄμμα λύσομεν δέρης.

It is also possible, as he, at least at a later period, was fond of making rather recondite allusions to Scripture, that the expression 'hands of the sword' (*Job*, v. 20, *Jer.* xviii. 21) may have led him to the adoption of a similar phrase, which he regarded as equivalent to the *δίστομος* of the Apocalypse" (K.). Cf. *Rev.* i. 6, ii. 12–16. M. thinks that Milton, instead of taking his image from the Bible, may have invented it, and that the reference is, perhaps, to "the English Parliament with its two Houses."

132. *Return, Alpheus*, etc. Again he resumes the pastoral strain. See on 85 above. *Alpheus* is addressed, as associated with Arethusa. See on *Arcades*, 30.

136. *Use.* Are accustomed to go; haunt, inhabit. Cf. *F. Q.* vi. introd. 2: "In these strange waies where never foot did use." May translates the "tecto adsuetus coluber" of Virgil (*Geor.* iii. 418), "Snakes that use within the house for shade."

138. *The swart star.* The black or malignant star; that is, the Dog-star Sirius. Cf. the "sol niger" of Horace, *Sat.* i. 9. 73. M. thinks the star is called *swart* "from the effects of heat on the complexion." *Sparely*=sparingly, rarely.

139. *Quaint.* Curious, exquisite. See on *Nativ.* 194. K. prints "quaint-enamelled."

141. *Vernal flowers.* K. remarks that some of the flowers "belong to the summer, or even to the autumn."

142. *Rathe.* Early; the adjective of which *rather* (earlier, sooner) is the comparative. Cf. *Shep. Kal.* Feb.: "the rather lambes." See also Tennyson, *In Mem.* 108: "The men of rathe and riper years."

That forsaken dies. Milton at first wrote "that unwedded dies." Cf. *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 123:

> "pale primroses
> That die unmarried, ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength."

See also the opening lines of *Death of Fair Infant.*

143. *Crow-toe.* The crow-foot, a name applied to certain species of *Ranunculus.*

144. *Freak'd.* Spotted, freckled.

151. *Laureate.* Decked with laurel (J.). For the contraction *Lycid*, cf. Keats, *Sonn.* 11:

> "Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,
> And all his gentle love for Lycid drown'd."

For *hearse*, see on *Ep. Mar. Win.* 58.

152. *For so, to interpose*, etc. "*For* let us suppose his body to be lying here before us, though really it is far away" (J.).

154. *Ay me!* See on 56 above. *Shores* here can only mean the waters near the shores, or shallow waters as opposed to the deep *seas;* unless we regard it as a peculiar sort of zeugma—the *wash far away* including the idea of his being washed ashore as well as that of being carried along by the waves. J. says that "the obvious meaning is that the corpse visited different parts of the *coast* in its wanderings, and was not out at sea all the time." K. reckons it among Milton's "slips;" but this is disproved by the fact that *shores* was deliberately substituted for the earlier "floods" in the MS.

157. *Whelming.* The MS. and ed. of 1638 have "humming." Cf. *Pericles*, iii. 1. 64: "And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse."

158. *Monstrous.* Full of monsters; though Milton does not elsewhere use the word in this sense.

159. *Moist vows.* Prayers (*vota*) accompanied with tears; as Warton and others explain it.

160. *The fable of Bellerus.* The fabled abode of Bellerus. The name is coined from *Bellerium*, the Roman name of the Land's End. Cf. Cowley, *Plantarum Liber*, vi.: "Bellerii extremis a cornibus Orcadas usque;" and Pope, *Windsor Forest*, 315: "From old Belerium to the northern main." The original reading for *Bellerus* was "Corineus," whom Milton, in his *Hist. of Britain*, describes as a giant who came over with Brute (see *Comus*, 828) and from whom Cornwall got its name, being "assigned to him by lot."

161. *The great vision of the guarded mount.* The archangel Michael, from whom St. Michael's Mount, a steep rock near Penzance, derives its name. On it are the remains of a fortress and a monastery, with a church dedicated to the saint. At the summit is a craggy seat called St. Michael's chair, in which his apparition was said to be occasionally seen. Cf. *Shep. Kal.* July:

"St. Michels Mount who does not know,
That wardes the Westerne coste?"

162. *Namancos.* This was a puzzle to the commentators until Todd (in 1809), looking into Mercator's Atlas of 1636, found the place laid down to the eastward of Cape Finisterre, with the Castle of *Bayona* on the south. These places would be in the direct line of vision across the sea from the *guarded mount.* Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, xxiii. :

"Then Cornwal creepeth out into the western maine,
As lying in her eye she pointeth still at Spaine."

163. *Look homeward, Angel*, etc. The address is doubtless to Michael, not, as some have supposed, to Lycidas himself. The archangel, who has been looking towards Spain from his lofty seat, is now bid to turn his gaze towards the coast of England, where the body of Lycidas may be weltering in the waves.

Ruth. Compassion, pity; as in *Sonn.* 4. 8, the only other instance of the word in Milton. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 1. 50:

"to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth;"

Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, v. 364: "Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!" etc. We still have *ruthless.*

164. *Ye dolphins*, etc. Alluding to old stories like that of Arion, borne ashore by dolphins when the sailors robbed him and threw him overboard. Gellius (*Noct. Att.* vii. 8) tells of a dolphin that carried a boy on his back daily from Baiæ to Puteoli, and pined away with grief when the boy died. Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* ix. 8) describes the dolphin as "maxime homini amicum."

168. *The day-star.* The sun, the "diurnal star" of *P. L.* x. 1069. J. is inclined to make it the morning-star.

K. says that "this very simile occurs in a poem, signed W. Hall, in the collection in which *Lycidas* first appeared."

169. *Repairs.* Revives, raises again.

170. *Tricks.* See on *Il Pens.* 123. *With new-spangled ore*=with renewed "golden splendour" (Shakespeare, *R. of L.* 25).

173. *Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves.* Cf. *Matt.* xv. 22 fol. "Note the appositeness to the whole subject of the poem in this reference to Christ's power over the waters" (M.).

175. *With nectar*, etc. Cf. *Comus*, 838.

176. *Unexpressive.* See on *Nativ.* 116. Cf. *Rev.* xix. 6, 7.

177. *In the blest kingdoms*, etc. This line was omitted, probably by accident, in the ed. of 1638. It is inserted in Milton's handwriting in his own copy of that ed. preserved at Cambridge (J.).

181. *And wipe the tears*, etc. See *Rev.* vii. 17, xxi. 4, and *Isa.* xxv. 8.

183. *Henceforth, thou art the Genius*, etc. Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* v. 64:

"Deus, deus ille, Menalca!
Sis bonus, O felixque tuis!"

B. quotes an eclogue of the Italian pastoral poet Sannazaro upon a drowned friend:

"Numen aquarum
Semper eris, semper laetum piscantibus omen."

184. *In thy large recompense.* That is, in the large recompense thou dost *receive* for all thy sufferings. Cf. *Tempest*, iv. 1. 1:

"If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends."

186. *Uncouth.* Perhaps used in its original sense of unknown, as B. and M. take it; perhaps=rude, uncultivated, as K. explains it. J. remarks that "the former would be a natural expression of a young poet just entering upon a career of fame, but Milton does not seem to have used the term elsewhere of *persons* with this meaning." Cf. *P. L.* ii. 407 and vi. 362.

187. *The still Morn*, etc. Cf. *P. R.* iv. 426:

"Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray;"

that is, in the flowing cloak worn by pilgrims and palmers. See also on *Comus*, 188.

188. *The tender stops of various quills.* The *stops* are the holes in the flute. Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 376: "govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops." *Quills* are properly reed-pipes, but as K. remarks, these have no *stops* and are not *touched*. The word here is probably=notes, strains; referring to the changing moods of the poem.

189. *Doric.* Pastoral. Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, the Greek pastoral poets, all wrote in the Doric dialect.

192. *At last he rose*, etc. "A peculiarly picturesque ending, in which Milton announces that he is passing on to other occupations" (M.). J. regards it as a reference to his projected Italian tour.

Twitch'd his mantle probably means "drew it about him," as K. explains it; not "snatched it up from where it lay beside him," as J. makes it.

193. *To-morrow to fresh woods*, etc. Cf. Fletcher, *Purple Island*, vi.:

"Hence, then, my lambs; the falling drops eschew:
To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new."

SONNETS.

SONNET I. ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.—The date of this sonnet is fixed by the fact it commemorates. The poet was twenty-three years old on the 9th of December, 1631. He was then near the close of his studies at Cambridge. The draft of the sonnet in his own handwriting among the Cambridge MSS. shows that the poem was sent in a letter to a friend who had remonstrated with him

on his aimless student life, and had urged him to devote his talents to the Church. Milton, in reply, explains that a "sacred reverence and religious advisement" had restrained him from haste in taking such a course—a principle of "not taking thought of being *late*, so it gave advantage to be more *fit*." He adds: "That you may see that I am something suspicious of myself, and do take notice of a certain *belatedness* in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts some little while ago, because they come in not altogether unfitly, made up in a Petrarchian stanza, which I told you of."

K. calls this "the earliest English specimen of a sonnet formed on the Italian model."

4. *Shew'th.* The rhyme with *truth* indicates the old pronunciation of the word.

5. *My semblance.* My youthful appearance.

7. *And inward ripeness*, etc. "And that inward ripeness, etc. He seems to mean that his youthful appearance might also conceal from people the fact that the development of his mental powers was not so great as in those whose minds had ripened earlier" (K.).

10. *Still.* Ever. See on *Comus*, 560. *Even* = equal, in proportion.

13. *All is*, etc. "He had said, 'It shall be;' now he corrects himself—'nay, all my life is so already, if I have grace to use it as in God's sight'" (B.).

SONNET II. TO THE NIGHTINGALE.—This sonnet was probably written at about the same time as the preceding. Milton places it first in the edition of 1645. The heading is not found there, but has been supplied by the editors.

1. *Bloomy.* Not found elsewhere in Milton's verse. It has been used since by Goldsmith, Campbell, Shelley, and others. Cf. *P. L.* vii. 435:

> "Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
> Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays."

3. *Thou with fresh hope.* To hear the nightingale before the cuckoo was thought to *portend success in love.* Cf. Chaucer, *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale.*

4. *Jolly.* Joyous; with perhaps something of its original sense of fair, comely (Fr. *joli*). Cf. *F. Q.* i. 1. 1: "Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt;" though in the next stanza we are told that he "did seeme too solemne sad."

Propitious May. B. compares *May Morning*, 6.

9. *Bird of hate.* That is, the cuckoo.

SONNET III. WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.—Written in November, 1642, when the King's forces had advanced to Brentford, and it was expected that he would make an attack on the city, with a fair prospect of taking it. Milton was then residing in his "garden-house" in Aldersgate Street (see p. 14 above). The heading of the sonnet in a copy by an amanuensis among the Cambridge MSS. is: "On his dore when y^e^ citty expected an assault," as if it had been intended to

be put on the outside of the door for the invaders to read. This title was afterwards struck out by Milton himself and the other substituted; but in the eds. of 1645 and 1673 it is printed without a title.

1. *Colonel.* A trisyllable. The word was formerly *coronel.* Cf. Spenser, *State of Ireland:* "their coronell, named Don Sebastian," etc. B. says that the modern pronunciation is nevertheless at least as old as Massinger.

3. *If deed of honour*, etc. This is the reading of the MS. and of the ed. of 1673; that of the ed. of 1645 is "If ever deed of honour did thee please."

5. *Charms.* Magic verses (Latin *carmina*).

10. *The great Emathian conqueror.* Alexander the Great. *Emathia*, a province of Macedonia, was "the original seat of the Macedonian monarchy" (B.). Pliny tells us that when Alexander took and sacked the city of Thebes in Bœotia, he ordered the house of the poet Pindar (who had died more than a hundred years before) to be left unharmed.

12. *And the repeated air*, etc. According to Plutarch, when the Spartan Lysander was on the point of destroying Athens after its capture, a Phocian minstrel chanced to sing at a banquet of the conquerors some verses from a chorus in the *Electra* of Euripides, which affected them so deeply that they resolved to spare the city with the exception of the fortifications.

SONNET IV. TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.—Of this sonnet also there is a draft among the Cambridge MSS. It was probably written in 1644, but the lady to whom it was addressed is unknown.

1. *Lady*, etc. K. remarks that "in the first quatrain the poet has united the 'broad way that leadeth to destruction' (*Matt.* vii. 13) of Scripture with the Hill of Virtue of Hesiod."

5. *With Mary and with Ruth.* See *Luke*, x. 42 and *Ruth*, i. 14 fol.

Note the rhyme of *Ruth* and *ruth*. In Italian poetry, as in Spanish and Portuguese, words identical in spelling may be rhymed if they differ in sense. Chaucer and Spenser indulge in the same license, as do some of our modern poets—Tennyson and Lowell, for example. For *ruth*, see on *Lyc.* 163. *Pity* and *ruth* are often combined, especially by Chaucer.

7. *Growing.* The first reading of the MS. was "blooming."

11. *Hope that reaps not shame.* Cf. *Romans*, v. 5.

12. *When the Bridegroom*, etc. See *Matt.* xxv. 1 fol. For *feastful*, cf. *S. A.* 1741: "on feastful days."

13. *Passes to bliss*, etc. The first MS. reading was, "Opens the door of bliss that hour of night."

14. *Virgin wise and pure.* Cf. the ending of the next sonnet.

SONNET V. TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.—This sonnet, written in 1644 or 1645, was addressed to one of the daughters of James Ley, first Earl of Marlborough. She had married a Captain Hobson, and Milton became acquainted with them in London, where they resided. Phillips says that the poet, after his first wife deserted him (see p. 16 above), "made it his chief diversion now and then of an evening to visit the Lady Mar-

garet Ley," who, as he adds, was "a woman of great wit and ingenuity" and "had a particular honour for him," as her husband also did. This is the latest of the sonnets printed in 1645. The heading, omitted in that ed., is supplied from a MS. draft at Cambridge.

3. *Unstain'd with gold or fee.* That is, free from any reproach of peculation or bribery.

4. *More in himself content.* "That is, having more content and happiness in retirement and freedom from care" (K.); or, having resources in himself that made him indifferent to the honours of public office.

5. *Till the sad breaking*, etc. The Parliament was dissolved on the 10th of March, 1628–9, and the Earl died four days after, but it is not certain that the event was the means of hastening his death.

6. *As that dishonest victory*, etc. The Athenian orator Isocrates is said to have died from the shock given him by the tidings of the defeat of the Athenians and Thebans at Chæronea.

10. *Wherein your father flourish'd.* Referring, as M. notes, to the earlier portion of his career, as Milton was full twenty years old when the Earl died.

14. *Margaret.* K. remarks that Tasso, in like manner, ends his sonnet *Per la Signora Margherita* with her name, but with a play upon it (*margherita* meaning a pearl) not possible in English: "Preziosa e mirabil Margherita."

SONNET VI. ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.—This and the following sonnet were written late in 1645 or early in 1646. The treatises referred to were those upon Divorce written during his separation from his first wife (see p. 16 above). There are drafts of both these sonnets in Milton's hand, with copies in another hand, among the Cambridge MSS. They were first printed in the ed. of 1673.

1. *Tetrachordon.* The third of Milton's four treatises on divorce.

The MS. has "I writ a book," etc. In the next line it has "wove it" for *woven;* in 3, "It went off well about the town awhile;" in 4 "good wits, but now is seldom," etc.; and in 10 "rough-hewn" for "barbarous," finally changed to *rugged.*

4. *Numbering.* That is, among its readers.

5. *Stall-readers.* Those who took up the tract at the book-stalls.

7. *Mile-End Green* is in Whitechapel, about a mile, as the name implies, from the centre of Old London.

8. *Why is it harder*, etc. K. says: "He selects these names from his dislike of the Scots and their Presbytery; but surely they are not hard either to spell or to pronounce. *Colkitto* is Sir Alexander M'Donnel, whom his kinsman the Earl of Antrim sent from Ireland with aid to Montrose in the Highlands, by whom he was knighted. He was called by the Irish and the Highlanders, Colla Ciotach, that is, Colla the Left-Handed, whence Colkitto; while the Irish form of Alexander is Alasdrom. There is a pipe-tune in Ireland called *Mairseail Alasdroim*, or Alexander's March, to which his men are said to have marched to the place in the county of Cork where he was killed in battle by Lord Inchi-

quin in 1647. *Galasp* is G. Gillespie, a Scottish member of the Assembly of Divines." M. makes it pretty clear, however, that "*Galasp* was a very different being from his namesake of the Westminster Assembly; and that reverend divine would have been glad to see him hanged." In point of fact, he is none other than *Colkitto* or *Macdonnel*, his full name, as translated from the Celtic, being "Alexander Macdonald, son of Colkittoch, son of Gillespie, son of Alexander, son of John Cathanach." He was commonly called "for short" only "Alexander Macdonald the younger," or "young Colkitto," but his additional designation of "Macgillespie" was also in occasional use. M. adds: "What a name to reach London! It had struck Milton; and so when he wanted a set of words as hard as *Tetrarchordon*, there they were ready for him in the name of one Highland barbarian, well enough known to the Londoners, who was *Colkitto or Macdonnel or Galasp* all in his own single person."

K. and some other editors print "Why, it is harder," etc., for which there is no authority whatever.

11. *Quintilian.* The famous Latin rhetorician.

12. *Thy age*, etc. M. paraphrases the passage thus: "Thy age, O soul of Sir John Cheke, did not, like ours, hate learning worse than toad or asp, when thou first taughtest Greek to Cambridge and to King Edward." For *like ours*, we should now write "unlike ours." Cf. some of Shakespeare's peculiar "confusions of construction" in negative sentences, discussed in Schmidt's *Lexicon*, p. 1420 fol.

Sir John Cheek, or Cheke, was the first Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, and was one of the tutors of Edward VI. In his efforts to extend the knowledge of Greek, he met with great opposition from Bishop Gardiner, the Chancellor of the University, and the other patrons of ignorance (K.).

SONNET VII. ON THE SAME.—The preceding sonnet treats the subject jocosely, this one indignantly.

4. *Cuckoos.* Milton at first wrote "buzzards."

5. *Those hinds*, etc. The Lycian rustics who, when Latona, with her twin children Apollo and Diana in her arms, was fleeing from the wrath of Juno, refused to let her drink of a certain lake and railed at her; whereupon, at her prayer, they were turned into frogs. See Ovid, *Met.* vi. 337 fol. Cf. *F. Q.* ii. 12. 13:

> "Till that Latona traveiling that way,
> Flying from Junoes wrath and hard assay,
> Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
> Which afterwards did rule the night and day."

7. *In fee.* In fee simple, or full ownership.

8. *Casting pearl to hogs.* Cf. *Matt.* vii. 6.

10. *Truth would set them free.* Cf. *John*, viii. 32. The first MS. reading was, "And hate the truth whereby they should be free."

11. *License they mean*, etc. Cf. Milton's *Eikonoklastes*, 1649: "None can love Freedom heartily but good men: the rest love not Freedom, but License."

13. *Rove.* Shoot astray. To *rove* at a mark was to aim at it, not point-blank, but with allowance for the wind. Cf. *F. Q.* i. introd. 2:

> "Fair Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
> At that good knight so cunningly didst rove;"

and *Id.* v. 5. 35: "Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved;" that is, at the centre of the target.

14. *For.* Notwithstanding. Cf. *Nativ.* 73.

SONNET VIII. TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS.—One of the two copies of this sonnet in Milton's hand (there is a third by another hand) at Cambridge is headed, "To my Friend, Mr. Henry Lawes: Feb. 9, 1645," which fixes the date of its composition. It was printed in 1648 as one of a few poetical tributes to Lawes in a volume entitled *Choice Psalmes, put into Musick for three Voices: composed by Henry and William Lawes, Brothers, and Servants to his Majestie.* Of Lawes and his friendly relations to Milton something has already been said in the introduction to *Comus* above. The musician died in 1662, or eleven years before the republication of the *Sonnet* in the ed. of 1673.

3. *Words*, etc. Milton first wrote "Words with just notes, which till then used to scan," which he changed to "Words with just notes when most were wont to scan." In 4, *committing* was changed to "misjoining," but afterwards restored. Lines 6–8 originally stood thus:

> "And gives thee praise above the pipe of Pan:
> In after age thou shalt be writ a man
> That didst reform thy art, the chief among."

The first reading of 12, 13 was:

> "Fame, by the Tuscan's leave, shall set thee higher
> Than old Casell, whom Dante wooed to sing."

4. *Midas' ears.* The asinine ears which Apollo gave Midas for his "want of ear" in deciding in favour of Pan in the musical contest with that god. See Ovid. *Met.* xi. 174.

Committing. Confounding, or setting at variance; a Latinism.

5. *Exempts.* For the singular verb, see on *Lyc.* 7.

11. *Or story.* Milton himself explains the allusion by a marginal note in the *Choice Psalmes:* "The story of Ariadne set by him to musick."

12. *Dante*, etc. In the *Purgatorio* (ii. 76 fol.) Dante meets his old friend, Casella the musician, who sings to him a song the poet had written.

14. *Milder.* That is, than those of hell.

SONNET IX. ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND.—To this heading, which does not appear in the ed. of 1643 but is found in a MS. draft at Cambridge, Milton adds "deceased 16 Decemb. 1646;" and the sonnet was probably written soon after that date. Of Mrs. Thomson we know nothing fur-

ther. It is possible that she belonged to a family of that name with whom Milton lodged for a time at Charing Cross.

3. *Earthy.* K. has "earthly," a corruption which is found in some other eds. B. compares *Rom.* vii. 24. *Load* was originally "clod."

4. *Of death*, etc. The first reading was, "Of flesh and sin, which man from heaven doth sever."

5. *Thy works*, etc. Cf. *Rev.* xiv. 13 and *Acts*, x. 4.

6–10. *Stay'd not*, etc. These lines were originally as follows:

> "Straight follow'd thee the path that saints have trod:
> Still as they journey'd from this dark abode
> Up to the realms of peace and joy for ever,
> Faith show'd the way, and she, who saw them best
> Thy handmaids," etc.

An intermediate form of 9 was, "Faith, who led on the way, and knew them best."

14. *And drink thy fill*, etc. Cf. *Ps.* xxxvi. 8.

SONNET X. TO MR. LAWRENCE.—This sonnet, printed in 1673, was probably written, as M. has shown, after 1655, when Milton had become totally blind. "During the time of his widowhood, and more after his marriage with his second wife in Nov. 1656, his house was enlivened by the little hospitalities that had to be shown to the numerous visitors that came to see him." Among these were some of his former pupils and other young men who admired and honoured him. Phillips mentions among the "particular friends" of the poet at this time "young Lawrence (the son of him that was President of Oliver's Council), to whom there is a sonnet among the rest in his printed Poems." This was probably Henry Lawrence, second son of the President, and then about twenty-one years of age. "Sometimes, as we are to fancy, he accompanied Milton in his walks, yielding him the tendance which a blind man required; and this sonnet is to be taken as a kindly message to the youth, in some season of bad weather, not to stop his visits on that account, but to let him have his company within doors" (M.).

1. *Of virtuous father*, etc. Cf. Horace, *Od.* i. 16. 1: "O matre pulchra filia pulchrior."

4. *Help waste.* Help to get through with; "killing time," as we say.

6. *Favonius.* Zephyrus, the west wind. Cf. Horace, *Od.* i. 4. 1: "grata vice veris et Favoni."

7. *The frozen earth.* K. says that "this does not well accord with 2," but excuses the "little inconsistency" in a poet. There is really no inconsistency. It was a thawy day in winter, when the "ways are mire" though the earth is frozen except on the surface.

8. *That neither sow'd nor spun.* Cf. *Matt.* vi. 26.

10. *Of Attic taste.* This emphasizes the *neat* and *light* and *choice* of the preceding line. The repast must be such as would suit the exquisite delicacy of Athenian taste. This is thoroughly Miltonic, like the introduction of music as a sequel to the feast.

13. *And spare*, etc. The expression is, on the face of it, ambiguous; but no one who knows Milton as a man ought to misinterpret it, as K.

and certain others have done. He does *not* mean *spare time* for interposing such pleasures *oft*, but the opposite—refrain from interposing them oft. It is moderation in such festive indulgence that he commends, not the seeking of opportunities for it. For this use of *spare*, cf. *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 260: "Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods," etc.

SONNET XI. TO CYRIAC SKINNER.—As this sonnet, in the ed. of 1673, follows the one to Mr. Lawrence, it was probably written about the same time. As M. remarks, "it looks like an invitation in the same strain." Cyriac Skinner is mentioned by Phillips as one of the poet's most intimate friends; and Wood describes him as "a merchant's son of London, an ingenious young gentleman and scholar to Jo: Milton." He was not, however, the son of a merchant, but of a Lincolnshire squire, who had married a daughter of the eminent jurist, Sir Edward Coke. This explains the reference to his *grandsire* in the first line.

There is a copy of the last ten lines of the sonnet, in the hand of an amanuensis, among the Cambridge MSS.

2. *Themis.* The goddess of law. Cf. *P. L.* xi. 14.

6. *That after no repenting draws.* Cf. the admonition to temperance in the last lines of the preceding sonnet.

7. *Euclid*, etc. Skinner was devoted to mathematical and physical studies.

8. *What the Swede intend*, etc. If the date of the sonnet is what we have supposed, the reference cannot be to "any period between 1635 and 1648" in the Thirty Years' War, as B. and others suppose. It is probably, as M. suggests, to the wars of Charles XII. of Sweden against Poland, Russia, and Denmark in 1654–1660; and to the contemporary wars of Louis XIV. against Spain in the Netherlands. *The Swede* is apparently plural here (=the Swedish), as the ed. of 1673 has *intend*. B. and M. retain this reading, but K. and others give "intends."

11. *Heaven a time ordains.* Cf. *Eccles.* iii. 1.

12. *And disapproves*, etc. See *Matt.* vi. 34; and cf. Horace, *Od.* i. 9. 13.

SONNET XII. TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.—The title as given in Milton's own draft of the sonnet at Cambridge is "On the Lord General Fairfax at the Siege of Colchester." The siege lasted from June 15th to August 28th, 1648, and was directed by Fairfax in person, Cromwell being engaged in carrying on the war in the north.

The poem was not included in the ed. of 1673—perhaps, as M. is inclined to think, because it "savoured too much of pre-Restoration politics to be then allowable"—but was first printed by Phillips, in his Life of Milton, in 1694. It was not included in any ed. of the poet's works until 1713.

2. *Filling.* Phillips has "And fills," and "which" for *that* in 4.

5. *Virtue.* Phillips has "valour," which explains *virtue* (Latin *virtus*). In 6 he has "while" for *though*, and in 8 "her" for *their*.

7. *The false north.* The English Parliament regarded the entrance of the Scotch army into England in support of the Royalists as a breach of the League and Covenant between the two nations.

8. *Imp.* In the language of falconry, to *imp* a hawk's wing was to piece out its broken feathers. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 291: "Imp out our drooping country's broken wing;" Dryden, *Ann. Mirab.* st. 143: His navy's moulted wings he imps once more," etc. Turbervile, in his *Booke of Faulconrie*, has a whole chapter on "The Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawkes Feather, how-soever it be broken or broosed."

10. *Endless war.* Phillips gives "acts of war;" in 11, "injured truth" for *truth and right;* in 12, "And public faith be rescued from the brand;" and in 14, "shares" for *share.* Whether these variations are from an earlier draft of the sonnet than the one at Cambridge, or are due to errors in copying and other causes, it is impossible to say; but the modern editors are clearly right in following Milton's MS. instead of Phillips's version, which was adopted by their predecessors down to 1752.

SONNET XIII. TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.—This sonnet also was first printed by Phillips in 1594. There is a copy of it in the hand of an amanuensis among the Cambridge MSS. The heading of it there (erased, but legible) is as follows: "To the Lord General Cromwell, May, 1652: On the Proposals of certain Ministers at the Committee for the Propagation of the Gospel." As M. remarks, "it is a call to Cromwell to save England from a mercenary ministry of any denomination, or a new ecclesiastical tyranny of any form."

The sonnet was badly printed by Phillips. The 5th line was omitted, and the 2d has "distractions" for *detractions.* The 6th reads, "And fought God's battles, and his work pursued."

1. *A cloud,* etc. A reminiscence of Virgil, *Æn.* x. 809: "nubem belli."

5. *Crowned Fortune.* "The Royalist Cause, with particular allusion perhaps to the battle of Worcester" (K.).

7. *Darwen.* A small river in Lancashire, flowing into the Ribble. The three-days' battle of Preston, Aug. 17–19, 1648, was fought in that vicinity. The *Darwen* has been confounded with the Derwent in Derbyshire by most of the editors; and some of them have thought that Milton meant the Ribble.

8. *Dunbar field.* The battle of Dunbar, fought Sept. 3, 1650. *Resounds* agrees with the subjects separately.

9. *And Worcester's laureate wreath.* "Cromwell's crowning victory" of Sept. 3, 1651.

Milton's MS. reads "And twenty battles more: yet much remains," etc. Here Phillips gives us what is undoubtedly the revised reading.

12. *With secular chains.* "The Presbyterian divines were extremely anxious to have the aid of the secular arm in enforcing conformity" (K.).

14. *Of hireling wolves,* etc. Here he charges the Presbyterian clergy with the same self-seeking of which he had accused their Episcopalian predecessors in *Lycidas.* For *wolves,* cf. *Matt.* vii. 15 and *Acts,* xx. 29.

SONNET XIV. TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.—Written at about the same time as the preceding sonnet, and, like that, first printed by Phillips in 1594. A dictated copy is preserved among the Cambridge MSS.

Mr. Alden Sampson, in his *Milton's Sonnets* (New York, 1886) says: "It seems strange to speak of one of Milton's sonnets as addressed to an American, yet we are not overstepping the truth in saying that Vane had been an American if he was not at this time. He came here with the younger Winthrop on his second visit in 1635,—and it was alone owing to an unfortunate disagreement on a doctrinal point of religion that he did not remain . . . Vane entangled himself in the controversy then active on salvation by faith or works, and championed the cause of the famous Mrs. Ann Hutchinson. He contrived to stir up a very heated opposition on this account, and left the colony in disgust after his failure to be re-elected [governor of Massachusetts] and after he had been here less than two years."

1. *Counsel.* Phillips has "councels."

3. *When gowns, not arms*, etc. When it was the wisdom of its statesmen, rather than the skill of its generals, that saved Rome from Pyrrhus and Hannibal.

6. *Hollow states.* Warburton and others see an allusion to the States of Holland, whose relations to the English Commonwealth were somewhat dubious.

7. *Then to advise*, etc. Phillips reads:

> "Then to advise how war may best *be* upheld,
> *Mann'd* by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
> In all her equipage; besides to know
> *Both spiritual and civil*, what each means,
> What *serves* each, thou hast learn'd, *what* few have done.
> The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;
> Therefore on thy *right* hand Religion leans,
> *And reckons thee in chief* her eldest son"

In the Cambridge MS. "And to advise" was first dictated in 7, and "Move on" in 8.

10. *Both spiritual power*, etc. The first form in the MS. was:

> "What power the Church and what the Civil means
> Thou teachest best, which few have ever done;"

which was altered to:

> "Both spiritual power and civil, what each means
> Thou hast learned well, a praise which few have won."

13. *Firm hand.* The MS., like Phillips's version, at first had "right hand."

SONNET XV. ON HIS BLINDNESS.—This was first printed in the ed. of 1673, and no MS. copy has come down to us. It may have been written in 1652, as some suppose; but in the ed. of 1673 it follows the sonnet on the Piedmontese Massacre, written in 1655, and may belong to the same period with that.

2. *Ere half my days.* K. remarks: "As Milton was past forty-three when he lost his sight, it seems strange that he should say he had not lived half his days;" but he uses *half* in a poetical rather than in a mathematical sense.

3. *That one talent*, etc. See *Matt.* xxv. 14 fol.
8. *Fondly.* Foolishly. See on *Lyc.* 56.
12. *Thousands*, etc. Cf. Spenser, *Hymne of Heavenly Love:*

> "There they in their trinall triplicities
> About him wait and on his will depend,
> Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
> When he them on his messages doth send,
> Or on his owne dear presence to attend,
> Where they behold the glorie of his light,
> And caroll Hymnes of love both day and night."

SONNET XVI. ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT.—This was first printed in 1673, and has not been preserved in MS. It refers to the persecutions of the Waldenses in the early part of 1655, and was evidently written soon after their occurrence. "Milton's Sonnet is his private and more tremendous expression in verse of the feeling he expressed publicly, in Cromwell's name, in his Latin State Letters. Every line labours with wrath" (M.).

5. *In thy book*, etc. Cf. *Ps.* lvi. 8.
7. *That roll'd*, etc. Moreland, *in his History of the Valleys of Piemont*, 1658, relates an instance like this, and illustrates it with a plate.
10. *Their martyr'd blood*, etc. Alluding to Tertullian's "Sanguis martyrum semen est Ecclesiae."
12. *The triple tyrant.* The pope, with his triple crown. Milton calls him "Tricoronifer" in one of his Latin poems.
14. *The Babylonian woe.* The woe denounced against the mystic Babylon (interpreted by the Puritans as the Church of Rome) in *Rev.* xviii.

SONNET XVII. TO CYRIAC SKINNER, ON HIS BLINDNESS.—Written in 1655 or 1656, and first printed by Phillips in 1694. There is a copy, in the hand of an amanuensis, among the Cambridge MSS. "The tenour of the closing lines prevented its publication in 1673" (M.).

1. *This three years' day.* That is, for just three years [these eyes have forgot their seeing]. K. prints "three-year-day."
3. *Light.* Phillips prints "sight," and "day" for *sight* in 4; also "Of" for *Or* in 5, "one jot" (which B. retains) for *a jot* in 7, "this world's" in 13, and "other" for *better* in 14.
7. *Heaven's hand.* Milton at first dictated "God's hand;" in 8, "attend to" for *bear up and;* and in 9, "Uphillward" for *Right onward.*
10. *Conscience.* Consciousness; as often in that day.
To have lost them, etc. See p. 19 above, and cf. p. 34.
12. *Rings.* The reading in Phillips, and perhaps substituted by him for the "talks" of the MS. It has been adopted by all the editors since Newton.
13. *The world's vain mask.* Cf. *Ps.* xxxix. 6.

SONNET XVIII. ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.—Milton's second wife, to whom this sonnet refers, died in February, 1657–8 (see p. 19 above), and this tribute to her memory was probably written in that year. It

was included in the ed. of 1673, and a dictated copy is preserved at Cambridge.

2. *Like Alcestis.* The allusion is to the *Alcestis* of Euripides, where Hercules brings back the heroine from the lower world and restores her to Admetus her husband. See Browning's *Balaustion* for an admirable English rendering of the legend.

6. *Purification*, etc. See *Lev.* xii. 2 fol.

10. *Her face was veil'd.* He had probably never seen her living face, as he married her several years after he became blind; hence the veiled form in which she appears to him here.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

This poem is generally included among the *Sonnets*, and M. calls it a "tailed sonnet"—the Italian *sonetto codato.* The first fourteen lines make a sonnet; but when Milton had reached the last line he "had not packed in all he meant to say; and so he adds six lines more of jagged verse, converting the piece into a kind of sonnet with a scorpion's tail to it." It was probably written soon after the sonnets on divorce (vi. and vii. above), which Milton intended to have it follow, as we learn from a direction in his own hand in the MS. copy at Cambridge; but in the ed. of 1673, where it was first printed, it is separated from the Sonnets. The MS. title is "On the Forcers of Conscience," which is expanded in the printed volume to the fuller form in our text.

1. *Because you have thrown off*, etc. Episcopacy was not formally abolished by the Long Parliament until September, 1646, but it had been virtually *thrown off* some years earlier; the *Liturgy* had been prohibited in 1644.

3. *To seize*, etc. To imitate your Episcopal predecessors in holding a plurality of livings or ecclesiastical offices. The MS. has "vacant" for *widow'd.*

5. *For this.* For the sake of these plural emoluments.

6. *Our consciences.* The MS. has "the" for *our.*

8. *A. S.* Adam Steuart, a Scotch divine and defender of strict Presbyterianism, who generally put only his initials to his tracts and pamphlets. *Rutherford* (Samuel) was another of the four Scotch divines in the Westminster Assembly.

12. *Shallow Edwards.* Thomas Edwards, a London preacher, who wrote several popular treatises in opposition to the Independents. For *shallow* Milton at first wrote "haire-brain'd."

Scotch What-d'ye-call, according to M., refers to Rev. Robert Baillie, professor of divinity in the University of Glasgow. The affected forgetfulness of his name is merely contemptuous.

14. *Trent.* The celebrated council at that city in 1545–1563.

16. *Preventive.* Anticipating. See on *Nativ.* 24.

17. *Clip*, etc. He first wrote, "Crop ye as close as marginal P—'s

eares," alluding to the well-known Prynne, whose ears had been cut off at the instigation of Laud, and who was noted for filling the *margins* of his books with quotations and references. In his *Means to Remove Hirelings*, Milton says of him: "A late hot querist for tithes, whom you may know, by his *wits lying ever beside him in the margins*, to be ever beside his wits in the text." *Phylacteries* were slips of parchment with passages of the Law written on them, worn on their foreheads by the Jewish Pharisees, with whom Milton identifies the Presbyterian divines. *Balk* = to stop at, omit. For the allusion, see *Matt.* xxiii. 5.

19. *Your charge.* The directory compiled by them.

20. *Presbyter is but old priest.* This is literally true, the word *priest* being an earlier and more contracted form of the Greek πρεσβύτερος, from which *presbyter* is also derived.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

The paraphrases on *Psalms* cxiv. and cxxxvi., as Milton himself tells us, were done "at fifteen years old," or in 1624. They are the only specimens of his verse before he went to Cambridge that have come down to us. They show that even at that early age he was familiar with Spenser and Sylvester's translation of the *Divine Works and Weekes* of Du Bartas, which was then a very popular book.

1. *Terah's faithful son.* Abraham. See *Gen.* xi. 27.

3. *Pharian.* Egyptian; probably from *Pharos*, the island in the Bay of Alexandria, rather than from *Pharaoh* or from *Pharan* or *Paran* (Gen. xxi. 21). M. quotes Buchanan's translation of the Psalm: "Barbaraque invisae linqueret arva Phari;" and adds that in Buchanan *Pharius* is a common word for Egyptian.

A PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXXXVI.

5. *Blaze.* Blazon, proclaim. Cf. *Arcades*, 74.

10. *Who.* The ed. of 1645 has "That;" as also in 13, 17, 21, and 25.

46. *The ruddy waves*, etc. The *Erythræan main* is the Red Sea; hence the *ruddy*, which is also used by Sylvester in his *Du Bartas:*

> "along the sandy shore
> Where th' Erythrean ruddy billows roar."

Elsewhere he refers to "the scarlet washes" of the same sea.

49. *Walls of glass.* Sylvester uses the same expression in describing the crossing of the Red Sea.

65. *Seon*, etc. "Sihon, King of the Amorites," as the Bible calls him. See also *Numb.* xxi. 21 fol. Cf. Buchanan's version: "Stravit Amorrhaeum valida virtute Seonem; and in the preceding Psalm (cxxxv.): "Quique Amorrhaeis Seon regnavit in oris."

69. *Og.* See *Numb.* xxi. 33 fol. and *Deut.* iii. 1 fol.

89. *Warble forth.* Cf. Sylvester: "O Father, grant I sweetly warble forth," etc.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT.

This poem was written, according to Milton's own memorandum, "anno ætatis 17;" but this means when he was seventeen, not "in his seventeenth year," as we should now understand it. The "fair infant" was a daughter of his sister Anne, who was several years older than himself, and had married Mr. Edward Phillips in 1624. The child died in the winter of 1625, and the poem was probably written during a visit that Milton made to London between Dec. 16, 1625, and Jan. 13, 1625–6. It was first printed in 1673.

1. *O fairest flower*, etc. Cf. Shakespeare, *P. P.* x.:

> "Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded;
> Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
> Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
> Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!"

5. *Amorous on.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 161: "amorous on Hero." In *A. and* C. ii. 2. 202, we find "amorous of." For *on*=of, see Abbott's *Gr.* § 182. On the passage, cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 103: "That unsubstantial Death is amorous," etc.

6. *Envermeil.* Redden, as with vermilion. See on *Comus*, 752.

Thought to kiss, etc. Cf. Shakespeare, *V. and A.* 1110: "He thought to kiss him and hath kill'd him so." The same conceit is found in the 30th Idyl of Theocritus and in a Latin poem by Antonius Sebastianus Minturnus entitled *De Adoni ab Apro Interempto.*

8. *Aquilo.* The Latin name of Boreas, the god of the north wind, who carried off Orithyia, daughter of Erectheus, from Athens to Thrace. See Ovid, *Met.* vi. 677 fol.

12. *Infamous.* Accented on the penult; as in *F. Q.* iii. 6. 13: "with fowle infamous blot," etc. Cf. *Comus*, 424.

13. *Eld.* Old age; used by Milton only here. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. for M.* iii. 1. 36: "palsied eld," etc.

15. *Icy-pearled.* Warton wanted to read "ice-ypearled;" but the compound is akin to *flowery-kirtled* (*Comus*, 254), *fiery-wheeled* (*Il Pens.* 53), etc.

20. *Unwares.* Elsewhere (as in *P. L.* ii. 932, v. 731, etc.) we find *unawares*. Cf. the quotation in note on 422, p. 175 above.

23. *Unweeting.* Cf. *Comus*, 539; and for *Whilome* see *Id.* 827.

25. *Young Hyacinth*, etc. See on *Lyc.* 106. The *Eurotas* was a river in Laconia.

31. *Wormy bed.* Cf. Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 384: "their wormy beds."

36. *Resolve me.* Inform me, solve or settle the question for me. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 120: "Why, then, resolve me whether you will or no."

39. *That high first-moving sphere.* The *primum mobile.* See on *Nativ.* 125.

44. *Shak'd.* Shakespeare has this form of the past participle several times, and also *unshaked*, *wind-shaked*, *love-shaked*, etc. Milton uses it only here, and *shaken* only in *P. L.* ix. 287. See on *Il. Pens.* 91.

47. *Earth's sons.* The Titans; here confounded with the Giants, who attacked Olympus in the hope of dethroning Zeus.

49. *Nectar'd head.* Cf. *Lyc.* 175.

50. *That just maid*, etc. Astræa. See on *Nativ.* 141.

51. *Sooth.* See on *Comus*, 823.

53. *Or wert thou*, etc. In the ed. of 1673 the line reads, "Or wert thou that sweet-smiling Youth." A word has evidently been omitted, and the editors generally have adopted the conjecture of a Mr. John Heskin, first made in 1750, that *Mercy* is the word. Cf. the grouping of Truth, Justice, and Mercy in *Nativ.* 141 fol.

55. *That heavenly brood.* "The personified Virtues" (K.).

57. *The golden-winged host.* The angels. Cf. *Comus*, 214.

58. *Weed.* Apparel. See on *L'All.* 120.

59. *Prefixed.* Pre-appointed.

68. *The slaughtering pestilence.* The plague was then raging in London and other parts of England.

A VACATION EXERCISE.

This exercise, Milton tells us, was written "anno ætatis 19," but (see on the preceding poem) this means when he was nineteen, or in 1628, during his fourth year at Cambridge. It was first printed in 1673. For a long disquisition upon its history, see M. (vol. ii. pp. 190–195). This throws much light on the obscurities of the poem, but is too long for reprinting here.

12. *Thither.* That is, in the Latin part of the exercise.

14. *Daintiest.* B. has "daintest" in both text and notes, and we infer that this is the form in the ed. of 1673. Cf. *F. Q.* ii. 12. 42: "Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate." For the positive *daint*, see *Id.* i. 10. 2: "to cherish him with diets daint," etc.

19. *New-fangled.* Used by Milton in verse only here. Shakespeare has the word three times: *Sonn.* 91. 3, *L. L. L.* i. 1. 106, and *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 152, besides *fangled* (=given to finery) in *Cymb.* v. 4. 134.

20. *Fantastics.* Fanciful folk; possibly referring to the Euphuists. We find the noun elsewhere, and also *fantasticoes*; as in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 30 (reading of 1st quarto): "The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!"

31. *Coffers.* Chests in which apparel was kept.

33–44. *Such where*, etc. "Here breaks out the true poet. I hardly know a passage in Milton's earlier poetry in which the difference between poetic imagination and ordinary thinking may be more clearly seen" (M.).

34. *Wheeling poles.* Revolving spheres.

36. *Thunderous throne.* That of the Thunderer Jove. Some would read "Thunderer's;" but there is no reason to suspect any corruption of the text.

37. *Unshorn Apollo.* Cf. Horace, *Od.* i. 21. 2: "Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium."

38. *Hebe.* Cf. *Comus*, 290.

40. *Watchful fire.* Ovid's "vigil flamma" (M.).

42. *Piled thunder.* "Referring to the thunderbolts" (B.); or to the appearance of the thunder-clouds.

43. *Green-eyed.* Cf. Virgil's description of Proteus (*Geor.* iv. 451): "Ardentes oculos intorsit lumine glauco;" and the Greek γλαυκῶπις.

46. *Beldam Nature.* Ancient Nature. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 32: "the old beldam Earth," etc. K. remarks: "It is curious how the *belle dame* of the romances came to have this signification, and to have become at last a term of reproach." The ironical use of a word sometimes displaces its original sense. Cf. *wiseacre.*

48. *Demodocus.* The blind bard of Alcinous, King of the Phæacians (*Odyssey*, viii. 521).

52. *In willing chains*, etc. Cf. Sylvester's *Du Bartas:* "The willing chains of my captivity."

56. *To keep in compass*, etc. To keep within the limits of the part assigned thee; with a play on the logical term *predicament.*

Then Ens is represented, etc. "In the Aristotelian Logic, Ens or Being is regarded as containing everything that is, while of everything one or more of what were termed *predicaments* might be asserted, and nothing else. They are ten in number, viz. Substance, Quantity, Quality, Relation, Place, Time, Situation, Possession, Action, Passion. These were all *represented* in various forms and habits on the occasion for which Milton wrote these verses. The following address of Ens is, as Warton observes, 'a very ingenious enigma on Substance'" (K.).

66. *Invisible.* Because a mere abstraction.

71. *Prospective-glass.* Magic mirror; like those described in the mediæval romances. See also *F. Q.* iii. 2. 18 fol.

74. *Shall subject*, etc. "For Substance (*sub stans*) is the support of Accidents (things that fall to it, *ad cado*), and is as it were covered and hidden by them. Thus in gold, for example, colour, weight, hardness, malleability, etc., are *accidents* supported and kept together by the unseen *substance* which is subject to (under) them. What follows is hence easy to understand" (K.).

83. *To find*, etc. "Because Substance stands alone, there is no dispute about him whose existence and nature are acknowledged by all. But his Accidents are frequently *at enmity* with each other" (K.).

91. *Rivers.* This was a puzzle to the commentators until Mr. W. G. Clark discovered that *Rivers* was the name of the student who took the part of *Relation.* Two youths of this name, sons of Sir John Rivers, were admitted to Christ's College in May, 1628. Milton's little joke had to wait till 1859 for an expositor. The enumeration of the rivers is based upon the *F. Q.* (iv. 11. 20 fol.) and Drayton's *Polyolbion.*

92. *Utmost Tweed.* Because it is the northern boundary of England.

The *Ouse* and *Dun* are in Yorkshire. Drayton speaks of the "thirty several streams" of the *Trent*.

95. *Mole that runneth underneath.* Cf. *F. Q.* iv. 11. 32:

> "And Mole, that like a nousling Mole doth make
> His way still under ground, till Thamis he overtake."

This subterranean passage is at Mickleham, Surrey.

96. *Severn*, etc. See *Comus*, 827 fol.

97. *Rocky Avon.* Of several rivers of this name in England, the one flowing by Bath and Bristol is probably meant, on account of the cliffs which rise above it (K.). The *Lea* flows into the Thames a little below London. The *coaly Tyne* is the river on which the Newcastle whither coals are not sent is situated. For the *Dee*, see on *Lyc.* 55. The *Humber* is said to have got its name from a Scythian king who landed there, but was conquered and driven into the river by Locrine (*Comus*, 827). The *Medway* is a tranquil affluent of the Thames, here called the *royal-towered Thame* because it flows past Windsor Castle, the Tower of London, etc.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

This seems to have been intended as a sequel to the *Ode on the Nativity*, to which the opening lines allude. It may have been written on the Feast of the Circumcision following the Christmas of 1629, or Jan. 1, 1629–30. It was included in the eds. of 1645 and 1673, and there is a draft in Milton's hand among the Cambridge MSS.

1. *Ye flaming powers*, etc. The *flaming powers* are the Seraphim, as the name (from a Hebrew verb = burn) implies; and the *winged warriors* are probably the Cherubim. Cf. *Ezek.* i. 6 fol. See also *Nativ.* 112.

2. *Erst.* That is, at the Nativity.

6. *If sad share*, etc. "If it is impossible for your angelic constitutions, formed as they are of fire, to yield tears, yet, by burning as you sigh, you may borrow the water of our tears, turned into vapour" (M.).

10. *Whilere.* Erewhile, not long ago; the only instance of the word in Milton. Shakespeare also has it once: in *Temp.* iii. 2. 127: "You taught me but whilere."

21. *Still.* Ever, continually. See on *Comus*, 560.

24. *Excess.* Transgression; as in *P. L.* xi. 111: "Bewailing their excess," etc.

THE PASSION.

This fragment was probably written at Easter, 1630. It appears in the eds. of 1645 and 1673, but no MS. has been preserved.

1. *Erewhile*, etc. Alluding to the *Nativ.*

4. *Divide to sing.* Share the song. K. makes *divide* = "unite with in

musical divisions." Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 29: "Some say the lark makes sweet division;" and *F. Q.* iii. 1. 40:

> "And all the while sweet Musicke did divide
> Her looser notes with Lydian harmony."

6. *In wintry solstice*, etc. That is, like the shortened days at the time of the winter solstice.

13. *Most perfect Hero.* Cf. *Heb.* ii. 10.

16. *That dropt*, etc. Cf. *Ps.* cxxxiii. 2.

19. *Mask.* "In the sense of masque or drama" (M.).

21. *Lies.* Improperly used for *lays.* Cf. *L'All.* 110.

22. *These latest scenes.* In the drama just referred to.

23. *My Phœbus.* My song.

25. *Otherwhere.* In other poems; alluding especially, as the context shows, to the *Christiad* of Marco Girolamo Vida, of *Cremona* (1490–1566).

28. *Still.* See on *Il Pens.* 127.

34. *The leaves should all be black*, etc. As the title-pages (and sometimes other parts also) of certain books of elegiac verse were actually made at that time.

36. *See, see the chariot*, etc. Cf. *Ezek.* i. 1 fol.

40. *In guiltless blood.* Because of the crucifixion of Jesus.

43. *Sad sepulchral rock.* Cf. *Luke*, xxiii. 53.

47. *Plaining.* Mourning, lamenting; as in *P. L.* iv. 504, etc.

50. *Viewless.* Cf. *Comus*, 92.

51. *Take up a weeping*, etc. Cf. *Jer.* ix. 10.

56. *Got.* Begotten. The conceit may have been suggested by the myth of Ixion. "So feeble and disagreeable an ending of the poem makes one agree the more willingly with the author's judgment of the whole, immediately appended" (M.).

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

As M. remarks, "the two pieces on this subject are chiefly curious as specimens of Milton's muse in that facetious style in which, according to his own statement, he was hardly at home."

Old Thomas Hobson, the University carrier, had for more than sixty years made his weekly trips between Cambridge and the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate Street, London, carrying letters and parcels, and sometimes passengers. But in April or May, 1630, when the plague visited Cambridge, the colleges were closed, and Hobson was forbidden to continue his regular traffic with the metropolis. He escaped the pestilence, but the enforced idleness was too much for him; and on the 1st of January, 1630–31, he died at the age of eighty-six. His memory is perpetuated in Cambridge by a handsome conduit in the centre of the town, for the construction and maintenance of which he left a part of the wealth he had accumulated.* The poems were doubtless written soon after Hobson's

* Hobson's name is also likely to be remembered as long as the English language

departure on his last long journey. They appear in the eds. of 1645 and 1673. According to Todd, the second was printed in *A Banquet of Jests*, a little book published in London in 1640; the first words being changed to "Here Hobson lies, who," etc.

5. *'T was.* He was; used with good-natured familiarity. Cf. *Macbeth*, i. 4. 58: "It is a peerless kinsman," etc.

8. *Dodg'd with him.* Gone to and fro with him; with a play on the more familiar sense of the word—"tried to dodge him," as we say.

14. *Chamberlin.* "The chamberlin at the inns of those times, like he Italian *cameriere* of the present day, united in himself the offices of waiter, chambermaid, and Boots" (K.). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

5. *Sphere-metal.* "Like that of which the celestial spheres are composed, which are in perpetual motion" (K.).

10. *His principles.* His motive power.

12. *Breathing.* Breathing-time, relaxation.

14. *Term.* Termination, end; with a play on the college sense.

20. *Six bearers.* That is, of his coffin.

22. *Heaviness.* That is, of heart; grief. Cf. the play in *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 168: "the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness;" that is, emptied of its weight of coins.

26. *As he were press'd to death*, etc. As if he were being subjected to the *peine forte et dure*, or the torture of being crushed under heavy weights, the victims of which sometimes begged to have their sufferings ended at once by *more weight.*

29. *Obedient to the moon*, etc. He made his journeys as regularly as the changes of the moon, or four times in the lunar month.

32. *Wain.* Wagon; with a play on *wane. Increase*=gain, profit; likewise with a pun.

34. *Superscription.* Inscription, epitaph. The word is metrically five syllables. See on *Nativ.* 66.

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shall endure. He used to keep horses on hire, and is the hero of the well-known story on which the proverbial expression of "Hobson's choice" is based.

ADDENDA.

Various Readings of Arcades, Comus, and Lycidas from Milton's MSS.

A few of the various readings in these poems have been commented upon in the Notes.* The full list (with insignificant exceptions) is as follows:

ARCADES.

10. Now seems guiltie of abuse
And detraction from her praise,
Lesse than halfe she hath expressed;
Envie bid her hide the rest.
18. Seated like a goddess bright.
23. Ceres dares not give her odds.
Who would have thought, etc.
41. Those virtues which dull fame, etc.
44. For know by lot from Jove I have the power.
47. In ringlets quaint.
49. Of noisome winds or blasting vapour chill.
50. And from the leaves.
52. And what the crosse, etc.
59. And number all my rancks and every sprout.
62. Hath chain'd mortalitie.
81. And so attend you, etc.
91. I will bring ye, etc.

COMUS.

Stage Direction.—*A guardian spirit or dæmon.*

After 4. Amidst th' Hesperian gardens, on whose banks,
Bedewed with nectar and celestiall songs,
Eternall roses grow [yeeld, bloome] and hyacinth,
And fruits of golden rind, on whose faire tree
The scalie-harnist Dragon ever keeps
His uninchanted eye; around the verge
And sacred limits of this blissful isle,
The jealous ocean, that old river, windes
His farre extended armes, till with steepe fall
Halfe his wast flood the wild Atlantique fills,
And halfe the slow unfadom'd Stygian poole.

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*All the various readings of any importance in the *other* poems are mentioned in the Notes.

[I doubt me, gentle mortalls, these may seeme
Strange distances to heare and unknowne climes.]*
But soft, I was not sent to court your wonder
With distant worlds, and strange removed climes.
Yet thence I come, and oft from thence behold

5. The smoke and stir of this dim narrow spot.
After 7. Beyond the written date of mortall change.
18. But to my buisnesse now. Neptune whose sway.
21. The rule and title of each sea-girt isle.
28. The greatest and the best of all his empire.
45. By old or modern bard, etc.
58. Which therefore she brought up and named him Comus.
62. And in thick covert of black shade imbowered
Excells his mother at her potent art.
67. For most doe taste through weake intemperate thirst.
72. All other parts remaining as before.
90. Neerest and likeliest to give præsent aide.
92. Of virgin steps. I must be viewlesse now.
STAGE DIRECTION.—*Goes out. Comus enters with a charming-rod and glasse of liquor, with his rout all headed like some wild beasts; thire garments some like men's, and some like women's. They come on in a wild and antick fashion. Intrant* Κωμάζοντες.
97. In the steepe Tartarian streame.
99. Shoots against the northern pole.
108. And quick Law with her scrupulous head.
114. Lead with swift round, etc.
117. And on the yellow sands and shelves.
133. And makes a blot of nature.
And throws a blot ore all the aire.
134. Stay thy polisht ebon chaire
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecatè,
And favour our close jocondrie.
Till all thy dues bee done and nought left out.
144. With a light and frolick round.
STAGE DIRECTION.—*The Measure, in a wild, rude, and wanton antick.*
145. Break off, break off, I hear the different pace
Of some chaste footing neere about this ground;
Some virgin, sure, benighted in these woods,
Run to your shrouds within these braks and trees,
Our number may affright.
STAGE DIRECTION.—*They all scatter.*
151. Now to my trains
And to my mother's charmes.
154. My powdrid spells into the spungie air,
Of power to cheat the eye with sleight [blind] illusion,
And give it false præsentments, else the place.

* These two lines were struck out.

164. And hugge him into nets.
175. When, for their teeming flocks and garners full,
In wanton dance they adore the bounteous Pan.
181. In thé blind alleys of this arched wood.
190. of Phœbus' chaire.
193. They had engaged thire youthly steps too farre
To the soone-parting light, and envious darkness
Had stolne them from me.
199. to give thire light.
208. And ayrie toungs that lure night-wanderers.
214. Thou flittering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou unspotted forme of chastity,
I see ye visibly, and while I see yee
This darkye hollow is a paradise,
And heaven gates ore my head: now I beleeve.
219. Would send a glistering cherub, if need were.
229. not far hence.
231. Within thy ayrie cell.
243. And hold a counterpart to all heaven's harmonies.
STAGE DIRECTION.—*Comus looks in and speaks.*
252. Of darkness till she smiled.
254. Culling their powerfull herbs.
257. Scylla would weep.
Chiding [and chide], etc.
268. Liv'st here with Pan, etc.
273. To touch the prospering growth.
279. from thire ushering hands.
280. They left me wearied on a grassie turf.
304. To help you find them out.
310. Without sure steerage, etc.
312. Dingle or bushie dell of this wide wood.
316. Within these shroudie limits, etc.
321. Till further quest be made.
323. And smoakie rafters.
326. And is pretended yet.
327. Less warranted than this I cannot be.
329. square this trial.
STAGE DIRECTION.—*Exeunt. The Two Brothers enter.*
340. With a long levell'd rule.
349. In this sad [lone] dungeon, etc.
352. From the chill dew, in this dead solitude? [surrounding wild.]
355. She leans her thoughtfull head, musing at our unkindnesse.
Or, lost in wild amazement and affright,
So fares as did forsaken Proserpine
When the big rowling flakes of pitchie clouds,
And darkness wound her in.
1 Br. Peace, brother, peace. I do not think my sister.
361. Which grant they be so, etc.
362. the date of grief.

365. this self-delusion.
371. Could stirre the stable mood, etc.
376. Oft seeks to solitarie sweet retire.
384. Walks in black vapours, though the noon-tide brand
Blaze in the summer-solstice.
388. of men or heards.
390. For who would rob a hermit of his beads,
His books, or his haire-gowne, or maple-dish?
400. bid me think.
403. this vast and hideous wild [wide surrounding wast.
409. Secure without all doubt or question: no, [darke, to trie
I could be willing [Beshrew me but I would], though now i' th'
A tough encounter [passado] with the shaggiest ruffian
That lurks by hedge or lane of this dead circuit,
To have her by my side, though I were sure
She might be free from perill where she is,
But where an equall poise, etc.
415. As you imagine, brother.
422. And may, on every needfull accident,
Be it not done in pride or wilfull tempting,
Walk through huge forrest, etc.
425. awe of chastitie.
427. Shall dare to soile, etc.
428. Yea even where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
And yawning dens where glaring monsters house,
She may pass on, etc.
432. Nay more, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorie fen,
Blue wrinkled hag, etc.
448. That wise Minerva wore, æternal [unvanquish'd] virgin.
452. With suddaine adoration of her purenesse [bright rayes].
454. That when it finds a soul, etc.
465. And most by the lascivious act of sin.
471. Oft seene in charnel vaults and monuments,
Hovering, and sitting by a newe-made grave.
480. List, list, methought I heard.
485. Some curl'd man of the sword [hedger], etc.
489. Had best looke to his forehead: here be brambles.
STAGE DIRECTION.—*He hallows: the guardian dæmon hallows again, and enters in the habit of a shepherd.*
491. Come not too neere, you fall on pointed stakes else.
496. And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the valley.
498. Leapt ore the penne.
512. What feares, good shepherd?
523. Deep learnt [enured] in all his mother's witcheries.
531. Tending my flocks hard by i' th' pastur'd lawns.
545. With spreading [blowing] honeysuckle.
553. drowsy-flighted steeds.

555. At last a softe [still, sweet] and solemn breathing sound
Rose like the softe steam of destill'd perfume.
563. Too well I might, etc.
574. The helpless innocent lady.
606. Harpyes and Hydras, or all the monstrous buggs
'Twixt Africa and Inde, I'le find him out,
And force him to release his new-got prey,
Or drag him by the curles, and cleave his scalpe
Down to the hips.
611. But here thy steele can do thee small availe.
614. He with his bare wand can unquilt thy joynts,
And crumble every sinew.
627. And shew me simples of a thousand hues.
636. And yet more med'cinal than that ancient Moly
Which Mercury to wise Ulysses gave.
648. As I will give you as we go [on the way], you may
Boldly assault the necromantick hall;
Where if he be, with suddaine violence
And brandisht blade, rush on him, break his glasse,
And powre the lushious potion on the ground,
And seize his wand.
657. I follow thee,
And good heaven caste his best regard upon us.
661. And you a statue fixt, as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo. Why do you frown?
662. Fool, thou art over-proud, do not boast.
669. That youth and fancie can beget [invent],
When the briske blood growes [returnes] lively.
678. To life so friendly and so coole to thirst.
Poor ladie thou hast need of some refreshing.
Why should you, etc.
687. Thou hast been tir'd all day.
689. Heere, fair virgin.
696. Hence with thy hel-[foule-]brew'd opiate.
698. With visor'd falshood and base forgeries.
707. To those budge doctors of the Stoick gowne.
712. Covering the earth with odours and with fruites,
Cramming the seas with spawne innumerable,
The fields with cattell and the aire with fowle.
727. Living as Nature's bastards.
732. The sea orefraught would heave her waters up
Above the stars, and th' unsought diamonds
Would so bestudde the center with thire starre-light,
And so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
Were they not taken thence, that they below
Would grow enured to day, and come at last.
737. List, lady, be not coy nor be not cozen'd.
744. It withers on the stalke and fades away.
749. They had thire name thence, coarse beetle brows.

751. The sample.
755. Think what, and look upon this cordeal julep.
763. As if she meant her children, etc.
806. Come y' are too morall.
807. This is mere morall stuff, the very lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood.
STAGE DIRECTION.—*The Brothers rush in, strike his glasse down: the shapes* [*monsters*] *make as though they would resist, but are all driven in. Dæmon enters with them.*
814. What have you let the false enchanter pass?
816. without his art reverst.
818. We cannot free the Lady that remains [here sits].
821. There is another way that may be used.
826. Sabrina is her name, a goddess chaste.
834. Held up thire white wrists and receav'd her in,
And bore her, etc.
846. That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to leave,
And often takes our cattel with strange pinches,
Which she, etc.
849. Carrol her goodness loud in lively [lovely] lays.
851. Of pansies and of bonnie daffodils.
853. Each clasping charme and secret holding spell.
857. In honour'd virtue's cause [In hard distressed need].
858. And adde the power of some strong verse.
860. Listen, Virgin, where thou sit'st.
895. That my rich wheeles inlayes.
910. Vertuous Ladie, look on me.
921. To wait on Amphitrite in her bowre.
924. May thy crystal waves for this.
927. That tumble downe from snowie hills.
948. Where this night are come in state.
951. All the swains that near abide.
956. Come let us haste; the stars are high,
But night reignes monarch yet in the mid-skie.
STAGE DIRECTION.—*Exeunt. The Scene changes, and then is presented Ludlow town and the President's castle; then enter country dances and such like gambols, etc. At these sports the Dæmon, with the two Brothers and the Lady, enters. The Dæmon sings.*
962. Of nimbler toes and courtly [such neat] guise,
Such as Hermes did devise.
973. To a crown of deathless bays.
975. STAGE DIRECTION.—*The Dæmon sings or says.*
979. Up in the plaine fields.
982. Of Atlas [Hesperus] and his daughters [neeces] three.
983. [Where grows the high-born gold upon his native tree].*
988. That there eternal Summer dwells
990. About the myrtle alleys flings
Balm and cassia's fragrant smells.

* This verse was struck out.

992. Iris there with garnisht [garisht] bow.
995. Than her watchet scarfe can shew.
In 2d copy,—
Than her purfled scarfe can shew,
Yellow, watchet, greene, and blew,
And drenches oft with manna [Sabæan] dew,
Where many a cherub soft reposes.
1012. Now my message [buisnesse] well is done.
1014. Farre beyond the earth's end,
Where the welkin low [cleere] doth bend.
1023. Heaven itself would bow to her.

LYCIDAS.

10. Who would not sing for Lycidas; he well knew.
22. To bid faire peace, etc.
26. Under the glimmering eyelids.
30. Oft till the ev'n starre bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloapt his burnisht wheel.
47. Or frost to flowers that their gay buttons weare [beare].
58. What could the golden-hayrd Calliope
For her inchaunting son,
When shee beheld (the gods farre sighted bee)
His goarie scalpe rowle downe the Thracian lee.
In the margin, for two last lines,—
Whome universal nature might lament,
And heaven and hel deplore,
When his divine head downe the streame was sent.
69. Hid in the tangles, etc.
85. Oh fountain Arethuse, and thou smooth [fam'd] flood,
Soft-sliding Mincius.
105. Scraul'd ore with figures dim.
129. Daily devours apace and little sed.
138. On whose fresh lap the swart star stintly* looks.
139, Bring hither, etc.
142. Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,
Colouring the pale cheeke of uninjoyd love;
And that sad flowre that strove
To write his own woes on the vermeil graine;
Next adde Narcissus that still weeps in vaine;
The woodbine and the pancie freakt with jet,†
The glowing violet,
The cowslip wan that hangs his pensive head,
And every bud that sorrows liverie weares,‡
Let daffadillies, etc. [this line being originally *before* 149].

* There is some doubt about this word. Mr. W. A. Wright believes it to be "faintly."
† In 146, the revision was at first "the garish columbine" before "the well-attir'd woodbine" was adopted.
‡ First changed to "sad escutcheon beares."

153. Let our sad thoughts, etc.
154. Ay me, whilst thee the floods and sounding seas.
157. Where thou perhaps under the humming tide.
160. Sleep'st by the fable of Corineus old.
176. Listening the unexpressive nuptial song.

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